VOL. CCXXXVI, No. 3068
TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
JANUARY 17, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

TRADE MARK
BEER AT ITS BEST
TENNENT'S LAGER
ENJOYED THE WORLD O'ER
J. & R. TENNENT LTD · WELLPARK BREWERY · GLASGOW

Make a meal of it with
Rayner's
INDIAN MANGO CHUTNEY
AT ALL GOOD GROCERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS · CEREBOS LTD
Cerebos
Salt of quality

PARIPAN LTD.
BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN Dryfast ENAMEL * PAREMUL Emulsion PAINT * PARIMAT Steamproof FINISH
EGHAM · SURREY

Drambuie THE LIQUEUR YOU PREFER TO BE OFFERED

At Fortnum & Mason
you can have your cake
and eat it, too.

MORNY
of Regent Street · London
FINE SOAPS · MATCHING BATH LUXURIES · PERFUMES

FOR MICRO, CORNEAL OR CONTACT LENSES
consult
David Blackstone Ltd.
CONTACT LENS PRACTITIONERS
For appointment or details and address of nearest branch, call, write or phone
115 OXFORD ST., W.1. Tel. GER 2531 or 197 REGENT ST., W.1. Tel REG 6993
Branches in most main centres

Avoid colds-breathe
VAPEX TRADE MARK
inhalant
From your chemist
A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night will give you 24-hour protection. The value of VAPEX has been proved in every epidemic during the last thirty years.
From your Chemist 3/-

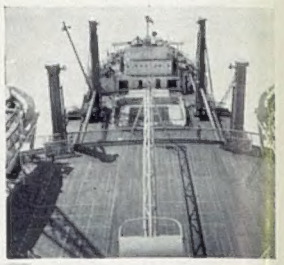
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/6

To South Africa The Ellerman Way

Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't *just* luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its courtesy and attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our ships' cuisine is equal to that of any five-star restaurant anywhere. Fine ships and fine service, maintaining a fine tradition of quiet competence . . . *this is the ELLERMAN way to South Africa.*

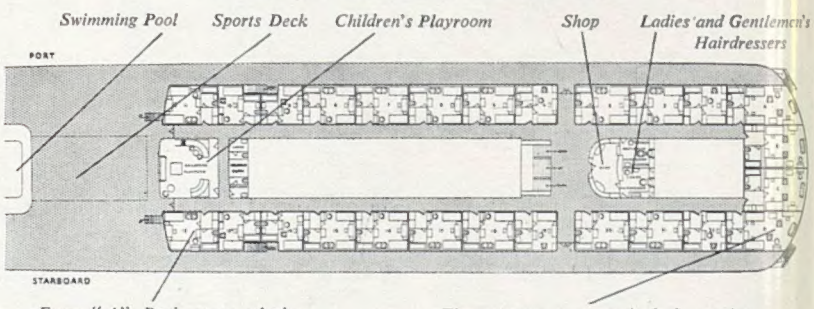
A typical double-room on "The City of Exeter." Cabins on Ellerman ships are on either "A" or "B" decks . . . light, airy and beautifully appointed.



The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service.

The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, promenade deck, drawing-room, smoke-room, library and a well-stocked ships' shop and hairdressing salons.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



Every "A" Deck room, whether "single" or "double," has a private bathroom and toilet en suite.

The staterooms are particularly spacious and luxuriously furnished with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

The service is maintained by the T.s.m.v. *City of Port Elizabeth*, *City of Exeter*, *City of York*, and *City of Durban*, each accommodating 100 passengers in single and double rooms (with removable Pullman berths for children). These ships afford superb passenger amenities. All rooms have windows or portholes and there are electric fans in addition to mechanical ventilation.

Approximately every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenco Marques and Beira. Passage rates are competitive . . . an outside double room, for example, with private bathroom *en suite*, is £155 per adult (£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all shipping and travel agents.

ELLERMAN Lines

serve the world

Bullock Cart in Bond Street

Delivering goods to somewhere out East ? Right here in London we can produce for you facts and figures about your market. We can provide you with up-to-date credit information, and advise you on currencies and monetary regulations, for any part of South or East Asia. For ours is the largest British bank established by the Far East for the Far East. We are intimately connected with the life and commerce of thirteen Far Eastern countries. We have offices in most of the main trading centres. Our knowledge and services are available to you whenever you need them.

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE: HONG KONG

LONDON OFFICE: 9 GRACECHURCH STREET · EC3

Branches throughout the Far East; also in New York, Hamburg and Paris. Offices of our Subsidiary in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Don't be vague Ask for

Haig

Such a warm-hearted whisky— and so smooth

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

3/4
FOR TWENTY

1/8
FOR TEN

There's something special about Bristol — the Multicel tip that gives you all the *full* cool flavour of fine tobacco.

Take a tip - take a BRISTOL

BRISTOL

TIPPED CIGARETTES

BC25Q

"South Africa
—by far the
best holiday of all!"

SAYS THE AIR-LINE CAPTAIN

It's a glorious country. It's got everything that makes a perfect holiday, and yet you can fly there in less than a day!

Excitement! Go to the Game Reserves and see the wild animals in their natural surroundings. There's a thrill for you. Scenery! Travel the rolling veldt, climb the mountains . . . you'll find magnificent, amazing scenery wherever you go. Novelty! See the native customs, dress, ceremonies and dances. Relaxation! Innumerable coast resorts, quiet or fashionable as you choose. Modernity! Visit the bustling cosmopolitan cities with their shops, stores, shows and night clubs.

Wherever you go you'll meet friendly people with a greeting as warm as the sunshine that blesses each wonderful day.

Blue skies, blue sea and golden sands.

On an ostrich farm at Oudtshoorn.

South Africa

LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS

SATOUR

The South African Tourist office is at your service for free, friendly and helpful advice. *For detailed information on transport, accommodation and costs consult your Travel Agent or South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.*

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION

70 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. *Tel: Grosvenor 6235.* 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20

Volume CCXXXVI No. 3068

The SPHERE, London, January 17, 1959

The SPHERE

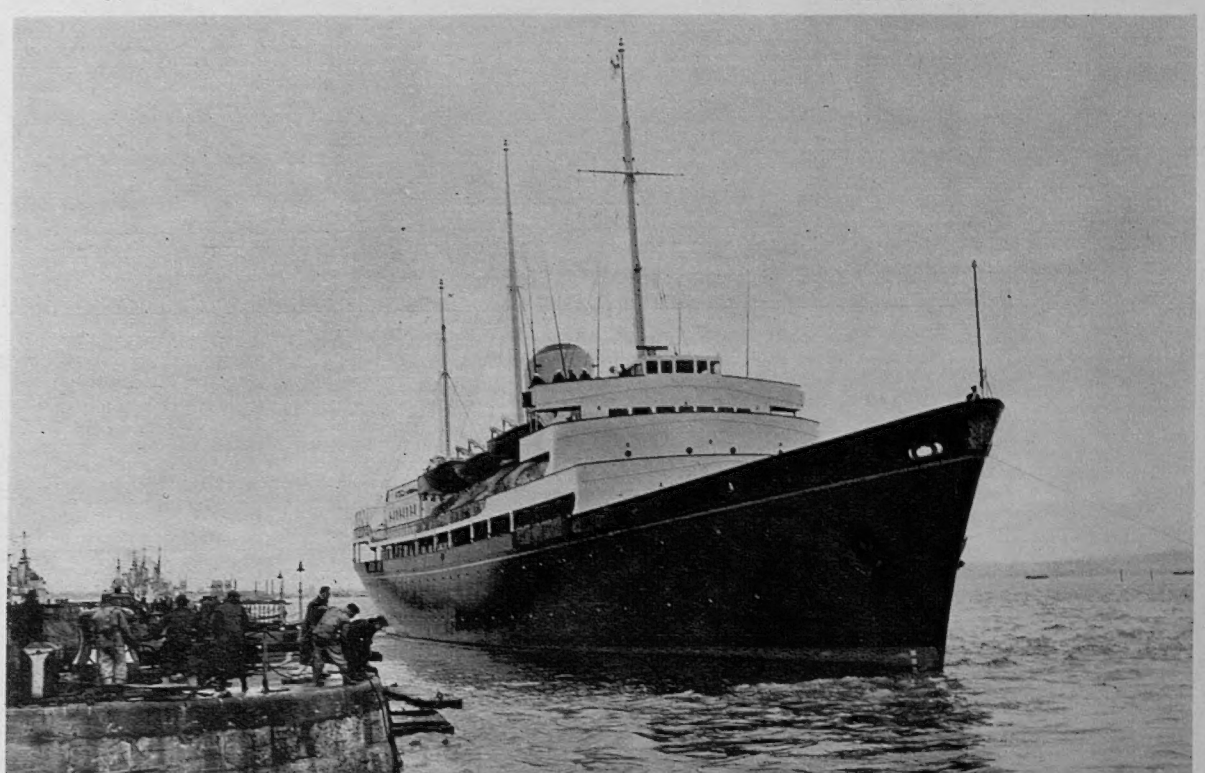
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

© 1959. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

MR. MIKOYAN IN AMERICA— HE IS GREETED BY VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON AT THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON : By the beginning of this week the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, who is generally regarded as his country's leading economic expert, had covered a great deal of ground in his travels in the United States. He had been entertained by Americans in many walks of life, although his visit is "unofficial," he had seen political leaders. He is expected to see President Eisenhower within the next few days.

The cosmic rocket, the visit of Mr. Mikoyan to the United States and the delivery of the notes with the draft German Treaty by Russia to the West are all part of the pattern of the latest Soviet diplomatic offensive. At the end of last year, owing to the West's firm stand over Berlin, Mr. Khrushchev was placed on the defensive. Plainly he is now trying desperately to recapture the initiative. American public opinion appears to be his objective. Few—least of all the technically-minded Americans—deny the impressiveness of the performance of the *lunik*. Among a people who are naturally sociable, Mr. Mikoyan in his journeyings has met with widespread publicity and some superficial success. But the actual relations between Russia and America and the West were expressed by President Eisenhower in his message on the State of the Union last week when he said that "bitter experience" showed that there could be no international confidence in any treaty signed by the Russians. It will certainly take more than a few talks between Mr. Mikoyan and the American political leaders to remove this justified mistrust. (Mikoyan's tour, see page 87.)

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.



THE ROYAL YACHT SETS OUT FOR A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD : H.M.Y. *Britannia* sails from Portsmouth on the first stage of her four-month voyage, during which she will take the Duke of Edinburgh on part of his extensive tour. His Royal Highness is to join *Britannia* at Rangoon on February 18 after his visits to Pakistan and India. The Royal yacht will then make calls at several ports in the Far East and the Pacific before sailing through the Panama Canal to the West Indies. She is expected back next May and is due to sail again in June for the Queen's visit to Canada.

"SCEPTRE" UNDER REPAIR : The unsuccessful c Southampton. The hull is being replanked afte syndicate which financed *Sceptre*, said he h

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.

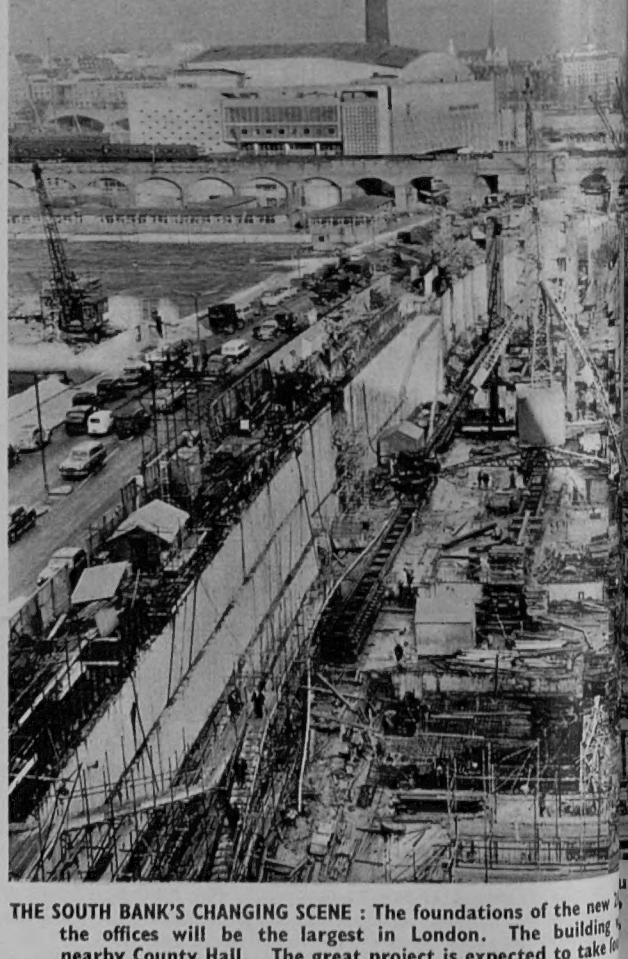
"From the Horse's Mouth ?"—Sir Winston, addressing some of his constituents recently, gave them a racing tip which they must have felt a hot and valuable one. He felt "rather doubtful whether the General Election was going to be so swift and sudden as made out." Sir Winston admitted that he had advised the Queen to send for Mr. Macmillan, and as we know, the two not seldom meet and talk and did so very recently. What more likely than that they touched on the question of election date ? The whole argument of his discourse was based on the contention that "good" Governments carry out unpopular measures boldly without thought of unpopularity where such measures, in their opinion, are for the nation's good. They strive for a vote of confidence and (as he bitterly recalled) can never expect a vote of thanks. The progress and restoration of the last seven years of Tory rule has been almost unique, and continues, and it follows that the longer that rule continues, the more will it be the unpopular or contentious measures which will justify the nation's admission of right judgment and merit increasing confidence. That suggests to me that Mr. Macmillan and Sir Winston were in agreement that every coming month might tell in the record and that an autumn or even a spring 1960 General Election was a better bet than an early 1959. I confess I thought this a tip worth noting from the provenances I have set out. But it is no time for ca' canny or complacency among the Tory workers in the constituencies.

The Electorate and Its Governments.—In a "perfect" modern democracy—in which all the electors are well-educated, well-informed, broadly patriotic and as much concerned in long-term international relations and foreign politics as in their domestic concerns—a General Election or a by-election would presumably record a verdict for or against the Government in power on its all-round achievements; understanding, and therefore condoning, the painful efforts in diplomacy which seem to bring results all too slowly in the international field and weighing them in the same balance against the successes and failures in the domestic field. In fact, as many M.P.s and political pundits assure us, the British "attitude to politics" is much narrower and more immediately self-interested. The electorate expects its Government to "make things safe and comfortable for the people" (as *The Times* puts it) but takes its own "comfort" first. One M.P., for instance, records that very few of his constituents approach him *on matters which do not directly affect them or their families.* Many others would say the same. Even when an M.P. is approached on such matters as A-tests or rocket sites, the emphasis of the complaint is probably much more on the constituent's personal and immediate "comfort" than on national "safety."

Complications of Politics.—Why does Parliament, impelled by the suspicions of electors whom Parliament represents, get so heated about the "scandals" of Crichel Down, leakages of Budget secrets, or Bank Rate changes, or misused O.H.M.S. stationery, and leave it only to acknowledged "experts" on either side of the House, to wrangle over international moves ? Is it because the bulk of the electorate finds international politics too complicated, and can grasp and show interest in nothing beyond the purview of its own back yard ? It is said (and with truth, I think) that our normal political system which gives us administrations established for terms of four to five years, affords the voters a chance to judge results of foreign policies whose day-to-day moves they cannot follow, as they can judge the results of unpopular domestic legislation which raised bitter controversy at its initiation. This may be so. But it remains a surprise to me in our present stage to "perfect democracy" that any politician, with his eye on party tactics before a General Election, wastes any of his time on international issues, when there lie ready to his hand a hundred subjects of real interest to his constituents and within their comprehension, affecting justice for the individual (Crichel Down), rectitude in administration (misuse of stationery), comforts (pensions, full employment, cost of living, reduced taxation, and what not). By and large, our democracy is still in the early stage where good government begins at home, and stays there until we are all "comfortable"; and good results are estimated by benefits we can immediately handle and put in our pockets, our living-rooms and our garages. We are still fit to be taught only Little Arthur's political history of England.

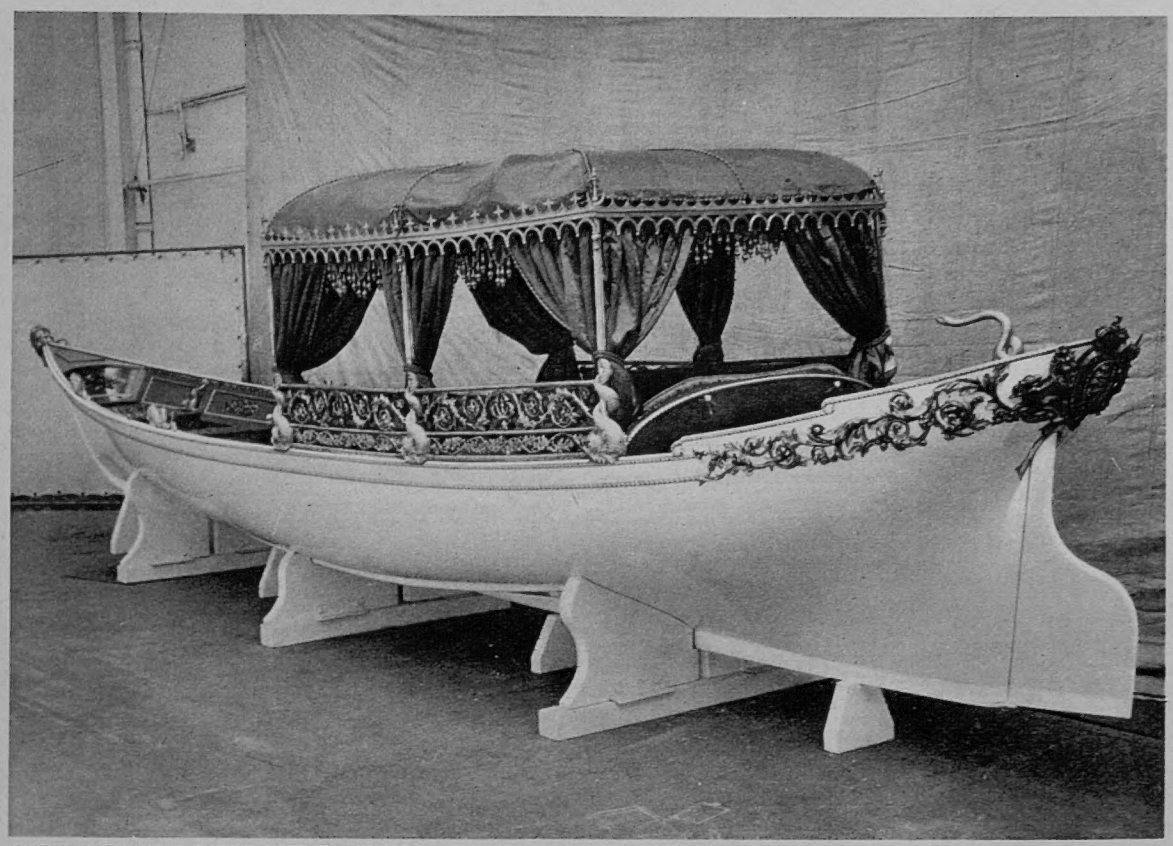
State of the Nation.—Let us get things in right perspective. The English Test team showed in the first innings at Sydney that as a batting side it was weak and quite inferior to Australia's. Whatever the result of the Third Test, the English side may still provide some surprises for the Australians if it puts a little more heart into the job. The Russian scientists have put a new small planet in orbit round the sun. Neither of these headline events need drive us to the conviction that all's lost for England, though both of them might usefully induce us to fall down in humble prayer—prayer for a right judgment in all things and a return of our senses of proportion and humour. On the other hand, there *is* some evidence that one at least of the gods on Mount Olympus took note of human *hubris* and punished us with a dose of bad weather. I don't know what the state of things may be in farmlands in the weald and clay belts. I do know that on our light sandy soils, such sogginess as exists to-day is a rarity, and farming of all kinds is at a standstill. The winter wheat is unsown, the root-crops rot, the fields are standing lakes; buildings and leather mildew; for months on end excessive rainfall and mist have prevented all attempts to produce food for one third of our population, and, if we cannot do even that, the "state of the nation" in trade and industry can hardly provide the extras necessary to make u loss by imports of foodstuffs. For somehow I still b that a "healthy and balanced agriculture" is of importance to us at present than Russian planet discomfitted men in white flannels.

"Unruly Member."—The human tong I often remark) can be as devastating and deadly sword and both are too often wielded by soldiers of f paid for the job (and some should know better). present time only the court (after many bitter expe of clacking tongues) has succeeded in a small w imposing a temporary ban on blabbing by its once t



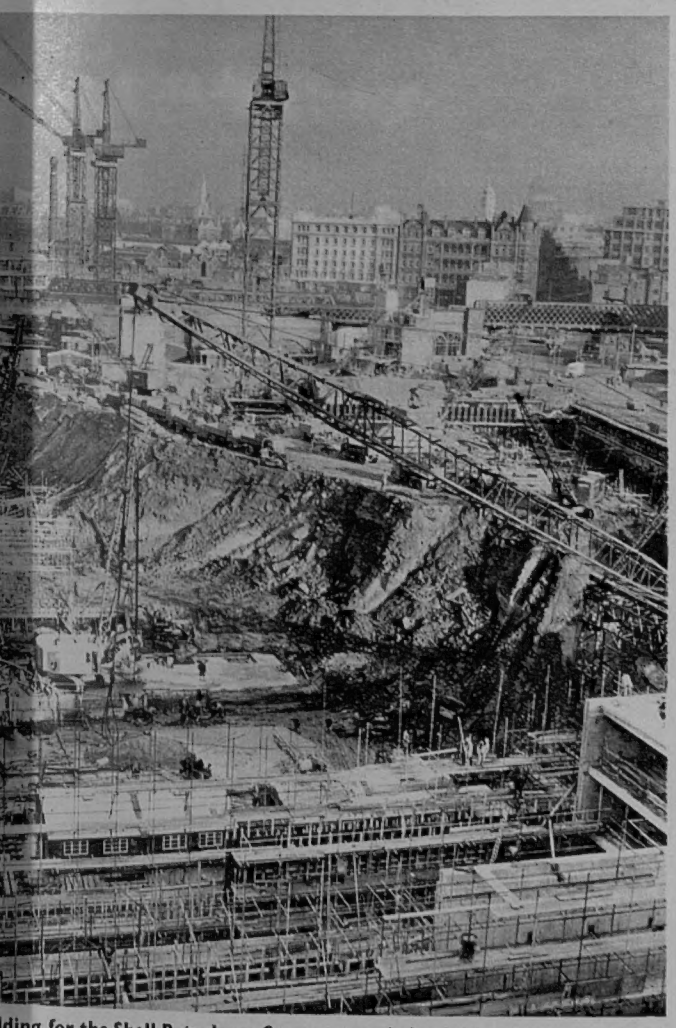
THE SOUTH BANK'S CHANGING SCENE : The foundations of the new A the offices will be the largest in London. The building nearby County Hall. The great project is expected to take fo

r the America's Cup lies in Camper and Nicholson's yard at
the journey back. Mr. H. L. Goodson, chairman of the R.Y.S.
quiries in the first week after the boat was offered for sale.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S BARGE GOES TO CANADA: The ornately-decorated and carved vessel is 33 ft. long and was used on many ceremonial occasions by Queen Victoria. It was loaded at Surrey Docks for shipment. The barge is being presented by the Admiralty, with the Queen's permission, to the Maritime Museum of Canada at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

and retired servants. The Army and the statesmen, it seems to-day, know no such restraint on liberty, and they are not alone. The tongue and the pen continue the sword's work of unsettlement, by the publication of memoirs ten years too soon and by desperate efforts to throw a little "pep" into the dreadfully flaccid and unusually half-audible interviews which our public men deem necessary for their reputations and the public good. The cosier these interviews, the more devastating may be the results of *obiter dicta* and casual efforts at frank criticism. The truth is that the truth is about the most dangerous explosive the human race can play with, not excluding the H-bomb. We were never in our history fit to endure it and never were we in our history more thin-skinned, suspicious and vulnerable to it than to-day. And when the truth is only one man's side of the truth or, worse still, is no more than an effort to breathe some life and fire into a boring piece of personal advertisement, it is playing with fire by a naughty boy. Those who are playing this game are therefore suspect. Do they speak for the common good and for the "truths of history" or for their own reputations or pockets? Some are very clear, incisive speakers, easy to hear and stimulating. Such is Montgomery. Others have deplorable articulation and slur their words. Such is Lord Attlee. But whether they speak with the tongues of angels or early phonographs, if they speak for the truth of history or for personal advertisement, they should be chary of the truth, the whole truth. For humanity-on-edge cannot bear it.



lding for the Shell Petroleum Company are being laid. When completed, a height of 330 ft., approximately three times as high as the omplete. Originally, old warehouses and dwellings occupied the site.

A Picture I Dread to See.—I hope, of course, that Mr. Black's visit to Cairo may achieve something to the advantage of British subjects ruined by the seizure of the Suez Canal and further penalised by the subsequent events which resulted. I know it is unchristian to admit that the face of Nasser, with that unchanging, triumphant smirk, is second only in my list of photographic hates to that photograph of Hitler dancing a jig when he heard of France's capitulation. In the present uncertainty about Nasser's secret mind and policies, I dread to see a new picture, perhaps of Mr. Macmillan and Nasser (nearest the camera with smirk) cordially shaking hands before the cameras and toasting the eternal friendship of "our two great nations." The past cannot be buried while our prisoners and refugees are left to rot and stolen property written-off. For I think he has cost us more in humiliation than did Hitler at his foullest, and there is little evidence that he has changed his secret, devious and treacherous ways. On the other hand, there exists a good deal of evidence that he is still stirring up all the trouble he can in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria and has not by any means forgotten his day of revenge for the humiliation his army suffered at the hands of Israel. No doubt, he is a bigger man than he looks, has a bountiful circle in the Arab world of fanatical admirers and is an expert at riding adroitly two horses at once, when that feat pays handsome dividends towards his sincerely-held projects. But before that photograph comes to be posed and published, before that toast of eternal friendship is publicly drunk and the burial of the axe ceremonially performed, let us have something on account for our suffering nationals and rather clearer proofs of a change of heart in Nasser. We are as a nation inured to humiliation at the hands of small nations and it is Christian to turn the other cheek, but history has shown clearly that appeasement for expediency does not pay and usually starts a vicious circle of upstepped, confident demands.

Back to Normal.—Peace and goodwill have a short season, if they have any season at all. Indeed, I think it is only the absence of newspapers on two consecutive days that gives us the impression that Christmas peace and goodwill enjoy the same run as the English summer—two fine days ending in a thunderstorm. January, anyway, is a famous time for new explosions, and this year Cuba started the ball with a grand breakdown—a form of ballroom dancing dear to Latin-American States, above all. What was it all about? I only know that when Castro informed his interviewers that his object was to establish a "true democracy and an established, pure and just administration," there was something at once pathetic and improbable in the assurance. "True democracy." It has become a word to be bandied about among the oysters, the carpenters and the walruses. For the years go by and still and for ever "Amurath to Amurath succeeds," first to overthrow the regime in power and then to resume a dictatorship under which purity and justice of administration get very little nearer to achievement, and it is difficult to resist the impression that *coups d'état* are the hobby of shrewd businessmen and ambitious soldiers.

Wisdom from Yeovil.—A Somerset headmaster at an educational conference at Oxford recently condemned and listed modern influences on the character of the young. I cannot help feeling that his remarks carried conviction. He said that industrialism maimed the body in the nineteenth century and the twentieth was maiming the mind. He specified the chief influences on the young mind to-day: journalists on popular "dailies," advertising men and talent spotters for TV programmes, as instances. While schools try to teach consideration for others, the entertainment idea of a "good life" was getting rich quick, and the whole process of success stories in entertainment stressed the need for acquisition and display. The hero of films was the slick, smart, bluffer type (and he is being encouraged to attain his ends with anything but consideration for others). The speaker felt that boarding schools had an enormous advantage because they could give children the widest type of good experience. He did not specify what seems to me the most important of all the benefits of boarding schools. In them, the authorities can for half the year control (as parents no longer try to do) the use to which schoolchildren put their leisure after school hours. The grammar- or boarding-school boy can be steered from the streets, the cinemas and the gangs, and his recreations can be directed to decent, healthy and innocent diversions throughout his school time. This is so tremendous a benefit that I wonder he did not mention it.

Land Forces and Mobile Forces.—The role of the Mobile Defence Corps was stated in 1955. It was to survive and defeat the enemy if thermonuclear war should come. A few weeks ago it was decided to disband it. Now we are told that the duties of the C.-in-C., U.K. Land Forces are to be taken over by G.O.C., Eastern Command. These decisions seem to imply not much more than a reduction in staff and H.Q. appointments and personnel. General Mansergh, during his term as G.O.C., had no troops to command. Whatever the role of mobile troops in Britain, the Territorials now fill the bill. A few months ago I had the idea that we were gradually to build up a highly-trained regular army capable of flying to any point of instant danger in the Commonwealth at a moment's notice. I don't know how that aim is affected by the new changes, but it is clear that the Government is prepared to risk answering a threat of thermonuclear war at home without the deterrent of a bluff. An ingenious friend suggested recently to me that a partial solution or alleviation of possible mass-unemployment in Malta might be found by the raising of two or three battalions of Maltese troops to be trained and centred in Malta, available as the van of any rushing of troops to a threatened area.

THE OLD STAGER

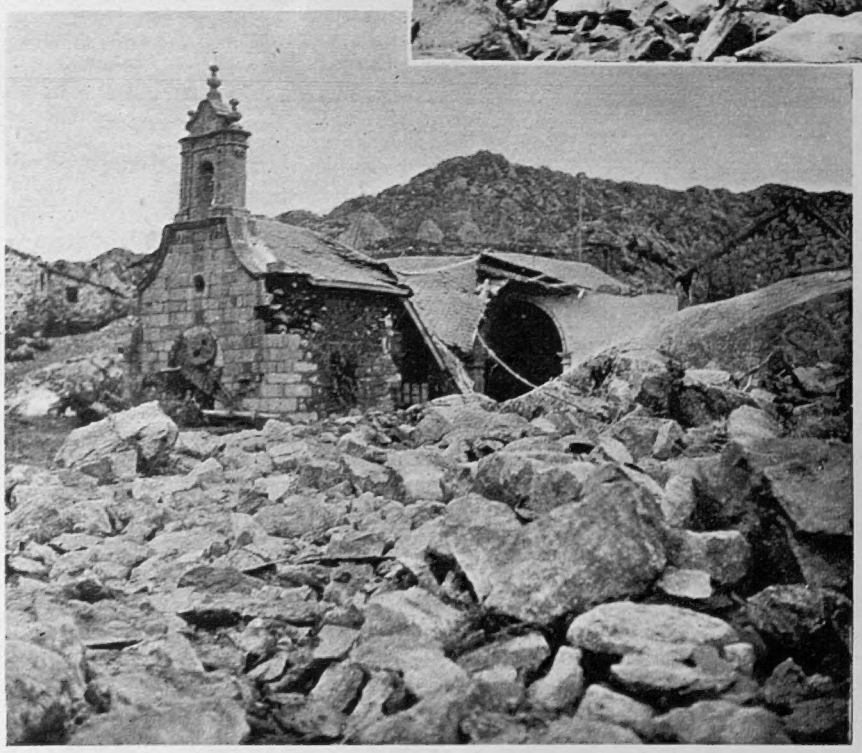
DISASTER OVERTAKES THE SLEEPING SPANISH VILLAGE OF RIBADELAGO: *Left* and *right*—**The two pictures show ruined houses and the trail of debris left in the village after the early-morning flooding caused by the bursting of a dam on the nearby Tera River, in the mountainous country of Zamora Province.** It is estimated that about 8,000,000 tons of water swept down on the village from a height of 1,700 ft. Almost every building was damaged, and at the beginning of this week it was believed that of the 500 inhabitants more than 130 were dead or missing. A number of bodies had already been recovered. Ribadelago is a village on the Lake of Sanabria, 150 miles north-west of Madrid, and the dam formed part of a hydro-electric works in the area. An official statement said that recent heavy and continuous rains had contributed to the bursting of the dam. Rescue workers at Ribadelago were directed from a rowing boat by the Civil Governor of Zamora Province, Señor Don Juan Murillo. The road to the village was under water and the stone bridge over the river was down. Last Sunday it was stated that an investigation was being made by technicians.

SPANISH DISASTER

A Dam Burst Engulfs the Village of Ribadelago, with Heavy Loss of Life

Below—

IN THE STRICKEN VILLAGE: The badly-damaged church of Ribadelago is seen beyond a pile of boulders and rubble. Its bell tower is still intact.



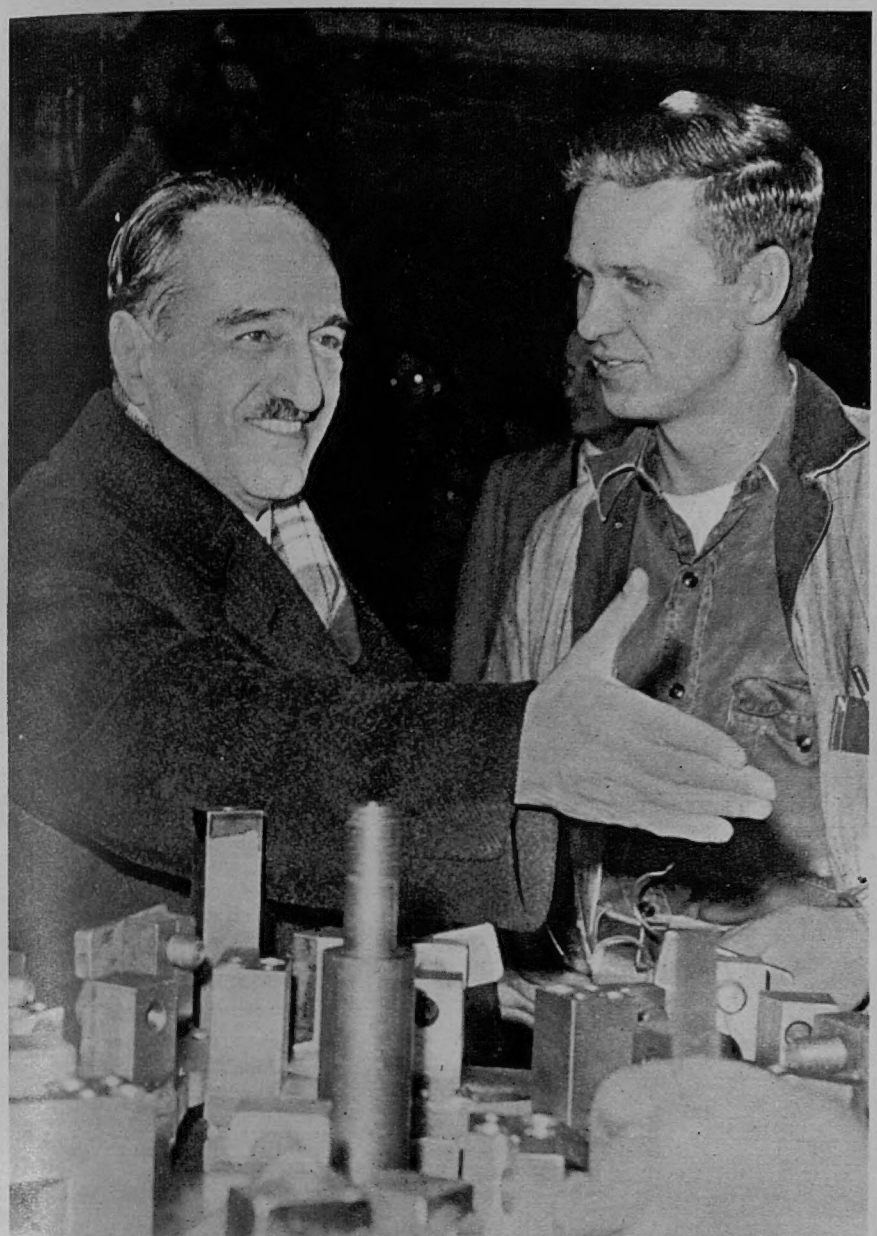
RESCUE OPERATIONS: The men continue their search among the debris as floodwaters surge past. Troops, civil guards and firemen as well as many others took part in the rescue operations. Many of them had to work from boats and rafts. Food and clothing were sent to the village, and the Spanish Minister of Public Works, General Vignon, left Madrid to visit the area.

On left—

IN THE PATH OF THE FLOOD: The side of this building has been ripped down and swept away in the waters. In front the ground has subsided.

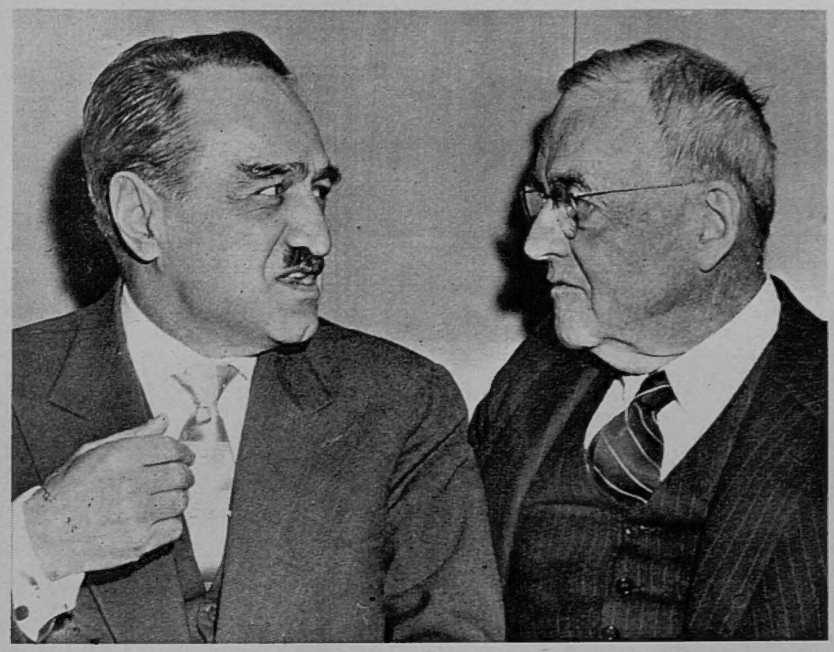
MR. MIKOYAN'S TOUR

Khrushchev's Right-hand Man During His Journey Through the United States



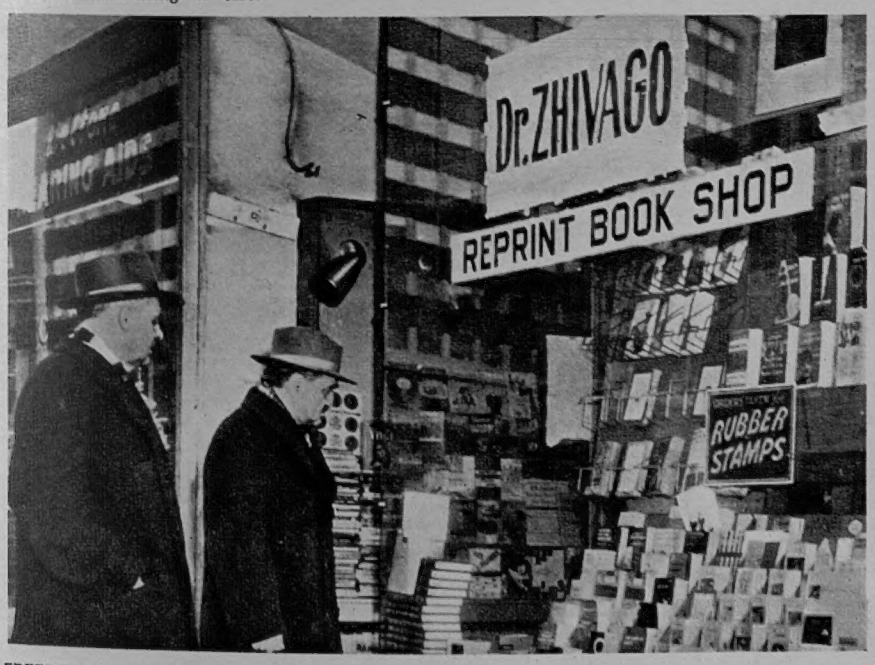
WITH THE WORKERS: Mr. Mikoyan stretches out his hand to greet employees in a factory in Cleveland. However, a noticeable feature of his current tour in America has been the lack of enthusiasm shown for him by the official labour organisations. He has been made far more welcome by industrialists and certain cultural leaders.

On right—
AT THE FORD FACTORY: In Detroit the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister is welcomed by Mr. Henry Ford II at the world-famous motor works which bears his family's name. Mr. Mikoyan evinced a great interest in the production lines and displayed a considerable technical knowledge about the manufacturing of cars.



AFFAIRS OF STATE: In the State Department at Washington, Mr. Mikoyan and Mr. Dulles talk together. The former's "unofficial" visit coincided with the launch of the cosmic rocket and the delivery of the Russian notes on Germany.

NOT ALWAYS WELCOME: An egg splashes on the roof of the car carrying the Russian visitor through Chicago. In many places he was met by hostile demonstrations and pickets organised by refugee groups and in some cases by students.



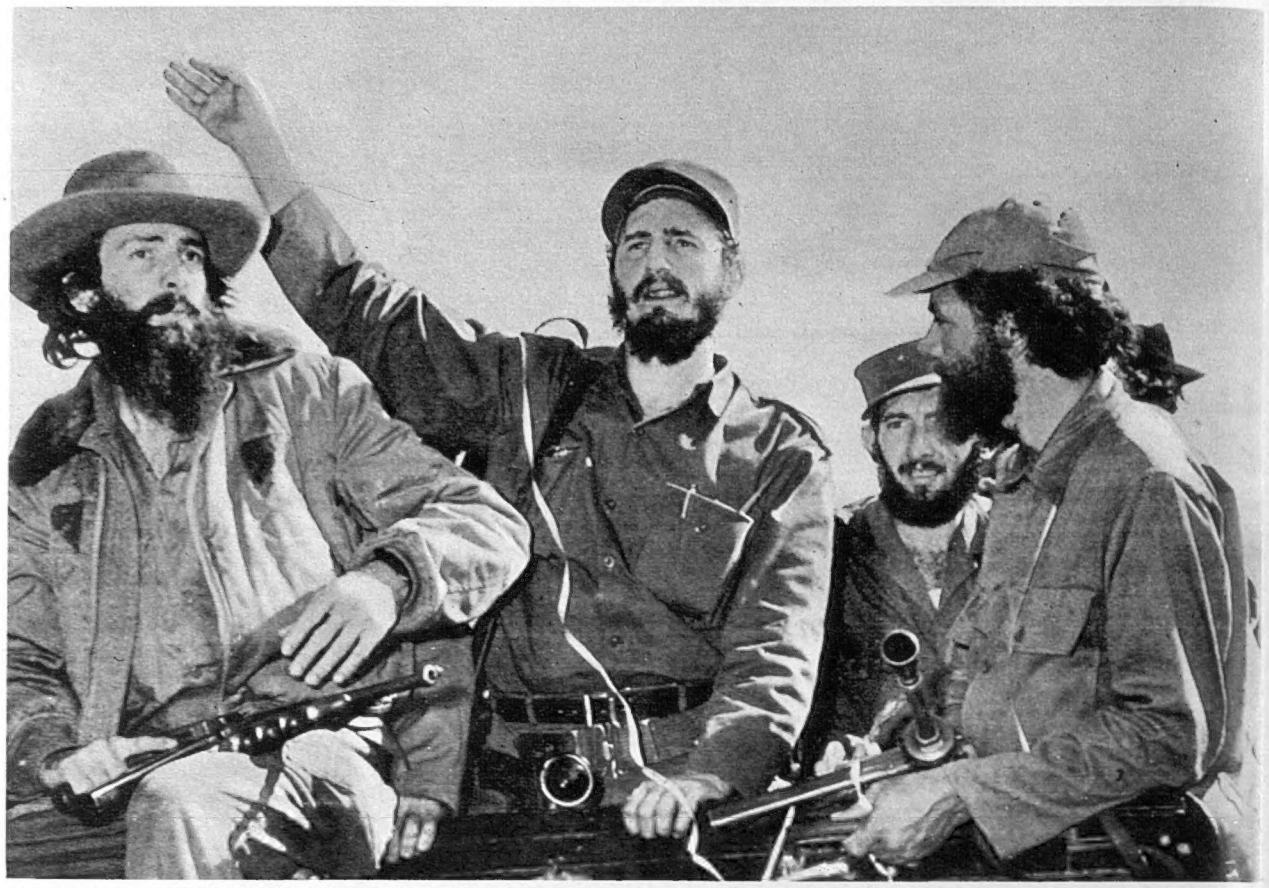
FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION: Mr. Mikoyan and the Soviet Ambassador to America, Mr. Menshikov, have reason to look thoughtful as they gaze into a bookshop window in Washington. Prominence is given to Pasternak's novel, *Dr. Zhivago*, banned in Russia.

CAPITALISTS' STANDARDS OF LIVING: In a supermarket in White Oaks, a suburb of Washington, the leading Soviet economic expert handles a loaf of bread. He made a surprise trip to a big store to see for himself how the capitalists live.

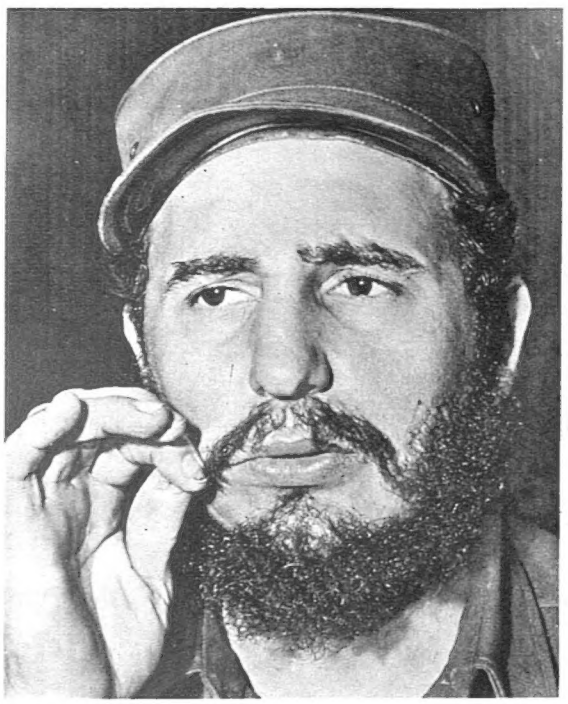
HAVANA WELCOMES CASTRO

A Triumphant End to the Cuban Revolution

The frantic welcome accorded Dr. Fidel Castro as he rode into Havana at the head of a long convoy of tanks and other vehicles set the seal on the revolution which overthrew President Batista. Aircraft flew low overhead and a 21-gun salute was fired by the navy. The yacht *Gramma*, in which Castro and an expeditionary force of eighty-two men landed in Cuba in 1956, was piloted into the capital's harbour by naval veterans. A few days previously Dr. Manuel Urrutia, the provisional President of Cuba, reached the Presidential Palace and immediately proceeded to lift the martial law order which had been placed on the city. The capital returned to normal after the paralysis of a general strike. Dr. Urrutia announced the composition of his Cabinet as follows: Senor José Miro Cardona as Prime Minister; Senor Armando Hart Davalos as Minister of Education; Senor Humberto Sori Marin as Minister of Agriculture; Senor Manuel Ray Rivero as Minister of Public Works; and Senor Luis Orlando Rodriguez as Minister of the Interior. The new régime was recognised by Britain, France and the U.S., which acted with unusual swiftness. America has appreciable economic and military interests on the island.

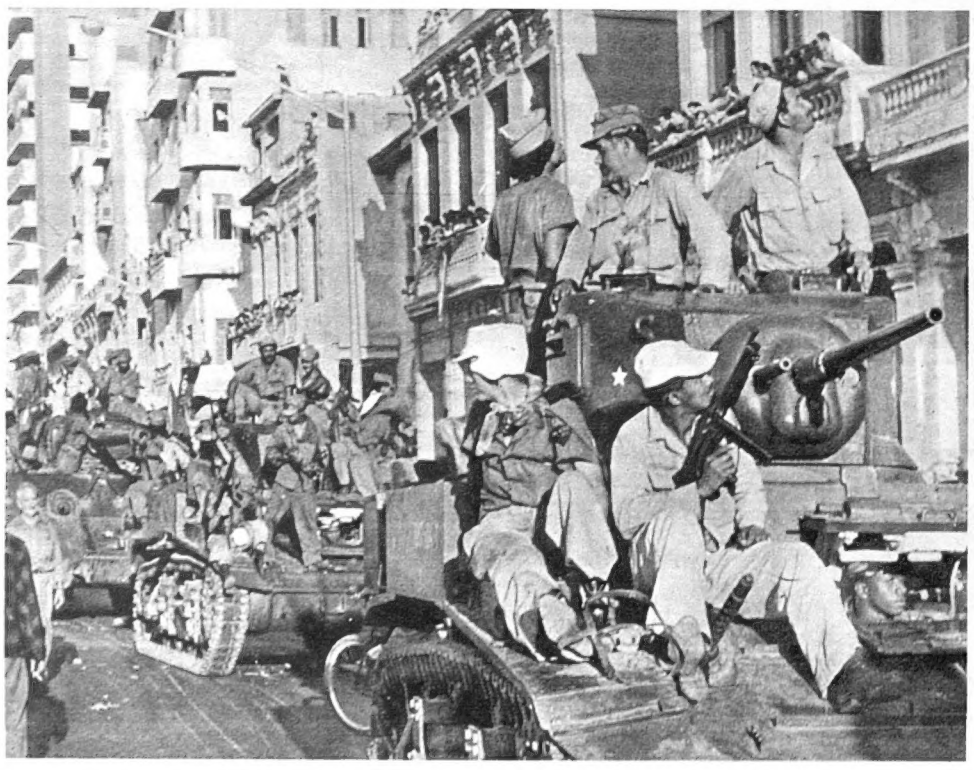


A TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO HAVANA: Dr. Fidel Castro, surrounded by bearded guards, waves from the top of a vehicle as he enters the Cuban capital. Castro's followers swore they would not shave until the revolution was successful. A crowd estimated at more than 500,000 cheered and waved as the huge column of vehicles, hailed as "the caravan of liberty," moved into Havana.



FIDEL CASTRO: The leader of the Cuban revolutionary forces considers a reply at a Press conference in Cienfuegos during his triumphant progress through the island.

ON THE WAY TO HAVANA: In Santa Clara, Fidel Castro (top, centre) addresses a huge crowd. In front of the rostrum armed soldiers stand on guard. As he drew near to Havana, the capital returned to normal after the period of looting which followed President Batista's overthrow.



THE NEW LEADERS OF CUBA: Dr. Castro confers with Dr. Manuel Urrutia, the provisional President of Cuba, who later named his Cabinet. *Left*—Watched by cheering crowds in Havana, tanks of the revolutionary forces parade down one of the main streets, manned by bearded soldiers.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"THE STATE OF THE UNION": Mr. Eisenhower delivers his annual Presidential survey of domestic and international affairs to a joint session of Congress in Washington.

APPLAUSE FOR THE PRESIDENT: Members of Congress stand and applaud as Mr. Eisenhower takes his place on the rostrum to deliver his Message. On the dais behind him are Vice-President Nixon and Mr. Rayburn, the Speaker of the House of Representatives. President Eisenhower was faced by both a Senate and a House of Representatives which are dominated by the Opposition party, the Democrats. Therefore, not surprisingly, he insisted that his administration had brought prosperity to America and that even better times lay ahead economically. In other fields he sounded a sombre note. Defence expenditure, including the cost of new bombers and guided missiles, would soar in the coming year and Mr. Eisenhower did not see any likelihood of a reduction in the foreseeable future. Turning to the field of Foreign Affairs he declared that any treaty signed by the Communists could not be accepted with confidence without "self-enforcing mechanisms." The U.S.A., as leader of the free world, had no aggressive designs and sought a just peace for all.

MARSHAL TITO IN BURMA: The President of Yugoslavia sits with the former Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, in Rangoon. On his arrival in the capital the Marshal was escorted up the river in his yacht by vessels of the Burmese Navy. During his stay there he also had talks with General Ne Win, the Burmese Prime Minister. Marshal Tito left Burma at the end of last week for India. His Indian visit was considered among the most important in his current tour of Asia and Africa, as Yugoslavia and India are the leading non-committed countries.

On left—

ECONOMIC PLANNING FOR AFRICA: The Emperor Haile Selassie (standing in white uniform) opens the United Nations Commission for Africa in Addis Ababa. Sitting on his right is Mr. Hammarskjold. After some dispute between the Colonial powers and the independent African states in the opening sessions, the Commission reached agreement on a programme for economic development. The British delegation was led by Mr. Profumo, Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs.

RIOTS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: Police have batons drawn and a soldier drags away a demonstrator during a violent clash in Leopoldville. The recent riots in the Belgian Congo have been the first in the territory for fifty years. A number of people were killed and at a special session of the Belgian Parliament in Brussels members were informed that an official inquiry was being held into the causes of the unrest. However, the main reason for the disturbances is not so much to be found in the Congo as in the general state of Africa. Since the beginning of the century, Congo has enjoyed economic prosperity under a paternalistic government. But, as elsewhere in Africa, there have been demands for political freedom, chiefly from the Abako organisation. These, combined with a temporary depression, were a main cause of the trouble.

SPEARHEAD OF THE FREEDOM MOVEMENT: M. Kasavubu, the leader of the Abako organisation, addresses a meeting in Leopoldville. During the riots in Belgian Congo he was arrested and martial law was proclaimed.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

EXPLOSION IN ISTANBUL: Police and other officials search for survivors amid the wreckage caused by an explosion in the city. The latest reports said that at least twenty-three people were killed when a building collapsed on top of a passing bus. The cause of the disaster was said to have been 500 lb. of dynamite stored at a mining company's office. Several other buildings were wrecked and a whole street was filled with debris and broken glass. Over 140 injured people were taken to hospital. A number of hotels were damaged and many buildings set on fire. An eyewitness in an account of the explosion said: "First I saw a great red flash, with a thunderous noise, then thick smoke covered a large area."

TRAIN CRASH IN THE UNITED STATES: Fire hoses play on the burning wreckage at Stamford, in Connecticut. On the left of the railway lines are four carriages which plunged off a bridge into an underpass. The accident occurred when a long train ran into an empty mail train. No one was hurt in the crash which occurred just before dawn.

AN UNUSUAL CATCH: A Spanish fishing vessel, the *Maria Jesus*, tows the Greek submarine *Aptonaythe* into the harbour at Pasajes, to the north of San Sebastián, in Spain. Behind is the *Maria del Coro*, the other fishing vessel which found the submarine adrift off the Spanish coast. While on tow from Malta to Britain to be broken up for scrap, the submarine was lost in stormy weather at the end of last year and remained adrift for a fortnight. The submarine was formerly H.M.S. *Virulent*.

MR. GAITSKELL'S TOUR OF WALES: The Labour Party leader talks with members of the communities of different nationalities in Bute Town, Cardiff. During his round of visits, Mr. Gaitskell, after seeing a steel works at Shotton, in Flintshire, said his views about renationalisation of the steel industry had not changed. "We shall pay full compensation," he went on, "after we win the next General Election." A statement on renationalisation was at the time being drafted by a special sub-committee of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party. If this was approved it would be the first full statement of the Labour policy on this question.

ANTI-SEMITISM CHARGES IN WEST GERMANY: In Hamburg, the Mayor, Herr Brauer (centre), holds a Press conference about a case against a Hamburg lumber merchant charged with distributing an anti-Semitic pamphlet. The man was released because of lack of evidence. An increasing number of cases concerning anti-Semitism have been brought in the German courts. Offenders have been charged with defiling the memory of the dead. There have been no crimes of violence against Jewish persons or property. Some observers have stated that the mere memory of the race has seemed sufficient to lead a number of Germans to make anti-Semitic statements. The Ministry of Justice said that the problem was not serious.

THE SUCCESS OF THE RUSSIAN COSMIC ROCKET: In a Press conference in Moscow at the Presidium of the Academy of Sciences, Professor Anatoli Blagonravov announces that the rocket was, in fact, a guided missile. Left is F. R. Kustel, another member of the Academy, and right is the vice-president, Alexander Topchiev, who said that the rocket was about 497,000 miles from the earth and had almost entered its orbit as the first artificial planet. It was stated at the conference that there had been no Soviet attempts to send a manned rocket to a low height and then to bring it down again. That would only be undertaken when scientists were in a position to be convinced of "the possibility of bringing man back to earth."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. HAMMARSKJOLD IN THE MIDDLE EAST: The Secretary-General of the United Nations talks with Professor Martin Buber, the eminent Jewish philosopher and sociologist, in his home in Jerusalem. While he was in Israel, Mr. Hammarskjold had a series of conversations with Mr. Ben-Gurion, with whom he stayed at Sde Boker, the Israeli Prime Minister's retreat in the Negev. From Israel he went to Jordan where he was received by King Hussein and conferred with Signor Spinelli, the U.N. Special Envoy in the Middle East. His further itinerary included Cairo. At the end of last week Mr. Hammarskjold was in Libya.

ACCORD BETWEEN FRANCE AND GUINEA: At the Hotel Matignon, in Paris, M. Pinay (wearing spectacles), the French Finance Minister, supervises the fixing of seals to financial, economic and cultural agreements between his country and Guinea, which opted out of the French Union in the referendum on the Constitution last year. Behind are M. Aliouhe Drame (left), Finance Minister of Guinea, and M. Naby Youla (right), special representative of M. Sékou Touré. Under the agreements, Guinea remains in the franc area and keeps French as her official language. Special cultural relations are established with France.

NEW BADGES FOR FUSILIERS: At a parade at the Royal Fusiliers depot at the Tower of London to mark the amalgamation of the Royal Fusiliers, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and the Lancashire Fusiliers, cap badges of the new Fusiliers Brigade are blessed by the Rev. J. Gwinnett, Chaplain to the Forces. The new badges are in bowls held by Major H. Balmer.

A CEREMONY IN WILTSHIRE TO MARK THE RETURN OF REGIMENTAL DRUMS: At Le Marchant Barracks, Devizes, Brigadier F. E. J. Moore, wearing a bowler hat, takes the salute at a march-past of the 2nd Bn., The Wiltshire Regiment during a ceremony in recognition of the return of two sidedrums which were left behind when the Regiment was evacuated from Dunkirk in 1940. Brigadier Moore was in command at the time. In front of him, half hidden, is Major-General B. A. Coad, Colonel of the Regiment. By the flagpost, wearing a duffelcoat, is Rene Iversen, from Denmark, whose father found one of the drums. The other was traced in France.

THE LOVIS CORINTH EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON: At the private view of paintings by the German artist are, from left, Herr von Herwarth, the German Ambassador; Sir John Rothenstein, the Director of the Gallery; and Dr. Rothel, who owns a large collection of Corinth's paintings. The portrait is of Eduard, Count Keyserling. Lovis Corinth, the son of a master tanner, was born in Tapiau, East Prussia, in 1858. He died in 1925. The artist's later work, after he had suffered a stroke in 1911, is remarkable for its freedom and forcefulness. His many shrewdly-observed portraits command respect.

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: At a Press conference at Covent Garden are, from left to right, on the platform, Professor Lionel Robbins, Dame Ninette de Valois, Lord Drogheda, Mr. David Webster, and Mr. Douglas Lund. The occasion was the first time that the Royal Opera House, in London, had issued annual accounts. These revealed an overdraft which at the end of 1958 stood at £163,287. The Earl of Drogheda, chairman of the directors, announced new arrangements with the Arts Council to guarantee the survival of Covent Garden. It was hoped to get an annual subvention of £500,000

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW U.S. EMBASSY IN THE CAPITAL OF INDIA : Mr. Ellsworth Bunker talks with Mr. Nehru and Mrs. Bunker with Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Mr. Nehru's daughter, by an ornamental pool in the new American building in Delhi. The Indian Premier was attending the formal inauguration of the Embassy. A few days later he went to Nagpur for the Congress Party Conference.

A NEW UNITED NATIONS AGENCY HOLDS AN INAUGURAL ASSEMBLY : Mr. Harold Watkinson (left foreground), Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, makes a speech of welcome to delegates gathered in Church House, Westminster, for the first formal session of the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organisation. Known by its initials as IMCO, it is the twelfth United Nations specialised agency to be formed and the first such agency to have its permanent headquarters in Britain. Delegates from twenty-four nations and many observers were present at the inaugural assembly. After sundry familiar objections from Russia regarding membership and procedure, the meeting elected Mr. Louis Audette of Canada as President and chose the first Vice-President from Japan and the second from Britain. Then the assembly started to draw up a two-year work programme, concentrating on such matters as safety of life at sea, oil pollution, tonnage measurement and an international code of signals.

ALASKA BECOMES THE FORTY-NINTH STATE OF THE U.S.A.: President Eisenhower signs the proclamation formally admitting the new state of Alaska to the American Union. Seated with him in the Cabinet Room in the White House in Washington are Vice-President Nixon (left) and Mr. Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives. Standing from left are Representative-Elect for Alaska, Ralph Rivers ; Senators-Elect Gruening and Bartlett ; Mr. F. A. Seaton, Secretary of the Interior ; Mr. Wayne Hendrickson, formerly an official in Alaska, and Mr. Kendall, Special Counsel to the President. Alaska's admittance has added one more star to the American flag. The stars are now arranged in seven rows of seven.

EAST GERMANY'S PREMIER HONOURED BY COLONEL NASSER: Herr Grotewohl receives the Grand Cross of the Order of the Nile from the President of the U.A.R. in Cairo. The East German Head of Government had arrived in Cairo on the first stage of a tour of the Middle East and Asia. Before Herr Grotewohl left Egypt for Syria it was announced that East Germany and the United Arab Republic had agreed to set up Consulates-General in their respective capitals.

12,000-LB. BOMB DE-FUSED IN GERMANY : Flight-Lieutenant J. Waters, an armaments and bomb disposal officer of the R.A.F., and Herr Walter Mitzke, a German explosives expert, shake hands over the giant bomb which they had successfully defused by the Sorpe Reservoir in Westphalia. The bomb, dropped during the famous wartime " dam buster " raid, was recently discovered buried in the mud. *On left*—The picture shows the bomb before it was defused lying half-hidden near a shed by the water. About 1,000 people living in the immediate vicinity were evacuated before the two experts started the de-fusing, assisted by two R.A.F. N.C.O.s. The highly dangerous operation took eighty minutes to complete.

World Affairs

UP IN THE CLOUDS AND DOWN ON THE GROUND

By JOHN CONNELL

IT may be tactless to intrude a slightly sour note into the whole affair of the *lunik*, but it seemed to me that about the majority of public comment on it there was, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, a curious mixture of smug cant and sheer, vulgar ignorance. Obviously the Russians have been bitten very sharply by the competitive bug; and it is fashionable nowadays to regard the solar system—and indeed, the universe itself—as a kind of super-Henley, a bigger, noisier, more melodramatic Wimbledon. A good deal of the Soviet Union's energy and zeal to win, which a mischievous friend of mine wanted some years ago to canalise into Test cricket, has gone into that series of costly experiments which we describe, a little grandiloquently, as "the conquest of space."

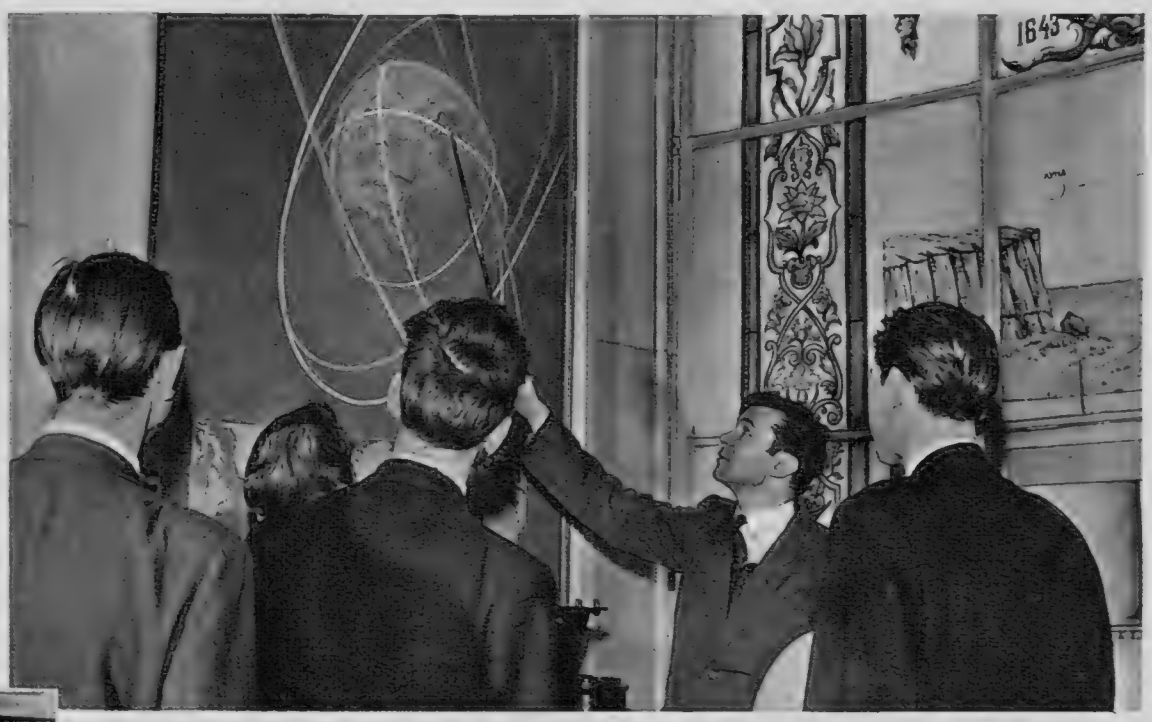
There was Tass proclaiming last week that "Russia's space rocket—its task completed—has ushered in the epoch of interplanetary travel," and describing the launching of the rocket as "a momentous event in the building of Communism."

If we accept the general trend of contemporary Russian propaganda, that, in fact, is exactly what it will prove to have been, but not in the building of Communism on the moon, or on Mars or Venus, but here on this our familiar earth. Its sheerly scientific potentialities apart (and I have no qualifications to assess them), the launching of Planet Three is a bold and almost recklessly self-confident assertion of that initiative, that moral as well as technical superiority of the Communist half of the world over the free half, which it is in the interests of Moscow and Pekin to demonstrate as frequently and as forcefully as possible. Our minds and our souls have to be battered into acceptance of this thesis of Communism's all-round superiority—preposterous and sinister as it is; and a space rocket is a heavier, blunter instrument towards this end even than a tennis racket.

For export (and a great deal of Communist propaganda is for export) both Russia and China have taken over some of the ideology and much of the vocabulary of a society reared in the principles of competition, free enterprise and the rivalry between opposing teams. But they turn somersaults with ideas which seem natural to us, and they make our words go widdershins. These distortions and perversions have a variety of effects. To those who have submitted and joined in, to the brainwashed and the fellow-traveller, they are revealed truth to be accepted *in toto*, without question and without discrimination. Even if you are alone and in their hands and completely subject to their control—and this was shown beyond argument by Colonel Carne, the commanding officer of a battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment serving in Korea some years ago—you can still refuse to submit, but you must have heroic endurance and courage, and unbreakable faith in your own ideas and principles.

To the majority of us in free countries, who have standards by which to judge Communist statements, it is not particularly difficult not to submit. The victories which the Communists are winning are over the ignorant, over those who have no standards of conceptual judgment, who, under the impact of mass-communications, are being precipitated, rapidly and violently, from the mental climate of the Stone Age to that of Mr. Mao Tse-tung at his subtlest. For the Communists these are cheap and easy victories; what armoury has anyone got against the Marxist dialectic who, until the day before yesterday, had never seen the motor-car, the aeroplane, a wireless set or a television screen?

The danger of the sheerly technological assault—and it is not entirely disheartening to see that the Communist leaders have, so far, been slow to appreciate it—is that, in the end, the ignorance of those whose minds you batter in this fashion puts up its own protective screen. If a carburettor, an indoor lavatory, an electric light switch, a talking film and a refrigerator are all equally marvellous to you, what 's so wonderful about a rocket which, aimed at the moon, misses its target by 4,600 miles? So what? says the cynical and slightly bored beneficiary of the processes of intellectual and political emancipation, and sits down to await the next super-terrific super-sensation.



EXCITEMENT IN MOSCOW OVER THE COSMIC ROCKET: In the Planetarium in the Soviet capital a lecturer points out to visitors the course being followed through space of the satellite launched earlier this month by the Russians. It was first reported to be heading for the moon. Later it was stated to be in orbit round the sun. *On left*—Citizens of Moscow read the news about the progress of the rocket.

The political, as distinct from the scientific, results of the Russians' explorations of space can be gauged by the magnitude of the confusion, dismay and resentment (underlying the team spirit hand-clapping and the despatch of congratulatory telegrams) which they evoke. They are, so far as the fundamental, unresolved conflict between East and West is concerned, expensive but fairly profitable large-scale diversionary operations. Every major Russian space experiment has been tied to some phase or another in the protracted negotiations, whose expressed aim is the diminution of tension between East and West.

It was not without significance that Planet Three's fulfilment of its "task" (to use Tass's phraseology for the moment) coincided with the reopening at Geneva, under the amiable and persevering chairmanship of Mr. Ormsby-Gore, of the Three-Power Conference on the discontinuance of nuclear weapons tests. If all goes well, at least another six weeks will be required for the conference to complete its task, and the new phase of the negotiations is inevitably hard and complicated. It is intended to work out the details of the international control system, about which agreement in principle has already been reached; and there can be no doubt about the difficulty and delicacy of the operation. The conference of scientists last summer proposed the setting-up of 180 control posts, across the world, for the detection of nuclear explosions. According to recent calculations, it will require between 15,000 and 16,000 technicians and other staff, working on a three-shift all-round-the-clock basis, to man these stations.

What possible kind of part can Britain play in so gigantic a scheme? Our resources in scientific manpower are already strained to the limit. Industry and Government research establishments compete relentlessly for the services of every educated physicist, every competent technician, that either can get. The schools—even those whose laboratory equipment has been vastly extended and improved by the benefactions of the Industrial Trust—cannot get the qualified science teachers they desperately need. The universities, in order to maintain what they deem to be the appropriate standards of intellectual attainment, refuse to make scholarship awards because they cannot find candidates of the requisite calibre. In face of the realities of this situation, it is ironic and disquieting to listen to and to watch television commentators like Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, pontificating eloquently about Britain moving into the Space Age.

There are a good many immediately more important tasks to tackle before we enter that race. In the conjoining fields of international and Commonwealth relations alone the agenda is lengthy and complicated. The mood about Cyprus wavers between tepid optimism and bleak, cold near-despair. Who—even Mr. Dom Mintoff—can really extract any satisfaction from contemplating Malta's current plight? Franco-British relations are still unduly and unnecessarily strained; and of all foolish mistakes surely the silliest that could possibly be made would be that we and France should drift apart. The distance across the Channel, after all, is not several thousand light years. Understanding between Britain and France is a rather more urgent need, and in my view a good deal higher on the priority list, than the establishment of a beflagged outpost on the moon. And if, as appears likely from the complex financial discussions which have been going on for some time, there is to be an attempt to resume relations between Britain and Egypt, on what basis will they be, and what policy, if any, will the Government of the United Kingdom adopt in this cautious—and far from glorious—creeping back into the Middle East?

There is a psychological, if not a mathematical, limitation on the number of other cheeks which can be turned. Humble pie may be the most fashionable British dish for 1959; but I am reactionary enough to believe that its consumption—unilaterally, anyway—ought to be rationed. The idea that if we abase ourselves enough and give him all that he asks, Colonel Nasser will immediately show himself to be our most reliable friend in the Middle East, seems to me a fallacy which was completely exploded by the events of 1954-56. The trouble is not merely that there is no end to Colonel Nasser's demands, once he is in a position to make any; it is that he hates and despises Britain and all that Britain represents. This is no basis for a heart-warming reconciliation.

Dusty, workaday realities of this order are what we must face in 1959, and they do not call for the elaborate paraphernalia of space travel. It would be wise, I think, to doff our mental space-suits and come back to earth.

A SPANISH NATIONAL MEMORIAL: Two monks look down on the hotel which is part of the great Civil War mausoleum in "The Valley of the Fallen," in the Guadarrama Mountains north of Madrid. The vast memorial is now open to the public. *On left*—The giant statues are at the foot of the 500-ft.-high cross, the dominating feature of the V

"VALLEY OF THE FALLEN"

Spain's Gigantic Mausoleum for the Dead of the Civil War

LA VALLE DE LOS CAIDOS—"The Valley of the Fallen"—is some 30 miles outside Madrid in the Guadarrama Mountains. In this bleak and, in winter, snow-covered country some of the most savage battles were fought in the Spanish Civil War of two decades ago. Therefore it would be hard to find a more suitable site for a memorial to the dead of that war. For some years work has been proceeding to create in the Valley one of the most remarkable monuments of modern times.

Underneath the ground in the hard granite rock a huge Cathedral has been hewn out. In length it is 853 ft. and tapestries and mosaics decorate the walls. The entry is through a richly-carved door of old design which has been specially brought to the Cathedral. Also underground are the ossuariums for the remains of the dead. Above ground the structure is dominated by a granite cross, 500 ft. in height and visible for many miles around. At the base of the cross giant stone figures are in position. Further below is the door to the underground Cathedral and the monastery for the monks of the Benedictine order to which care of the mausoleum has been entrusted.

In front of the monastery an assembly ground has been prepared and this will allow as many as 200,000 pilgrims to congregate there for the celebration of Mass in the open air and other ceremonies. Since the area is a remote one, a hotel with many modern amenities has been built for the accommodation of pilgrims and v Attached to it is a large restaurant. The construction whole gargantuan task is being carried out by f political prisoners who have been restored to civil s

While the main part of the work was in progres Valley was a "forbidden zone" and official permits necessary to reach the site through a cordon of Guards. Now that completion is in sight, the mem is open to the public and services are being held i Cathedral. Among the visitors are students and sch for the monastery contains many archives and recor the Civil War period.

While the Valley was a closed area and rarely v even by permitted photographers and journalists, a nu of misconceptions about its nature seem to have rea the outside world. It has been said that General Fr himself intends to be buried in the mausoleum. Accor to official Spanish sources in London, this is not co Even more important perhaps are misunderstandings a the dead who are to rest there.

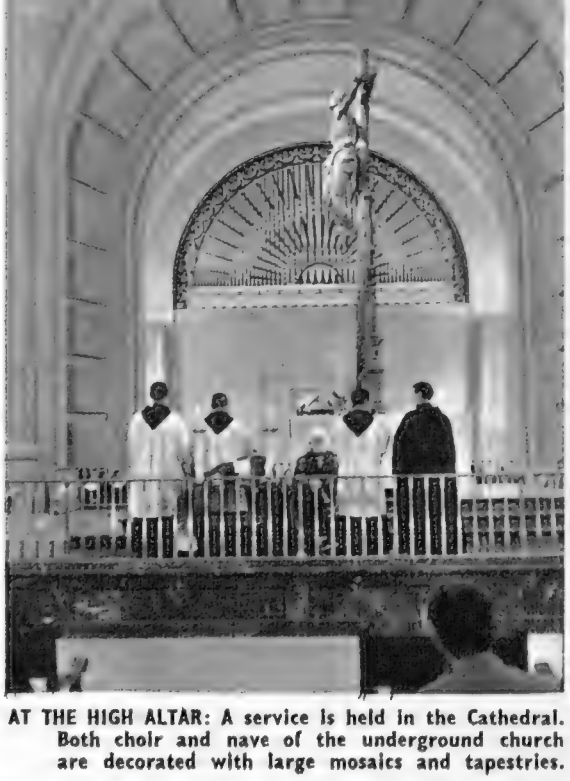
At one time it was believed that only the remai Francoists would be allowed to be entombed. In relatives of anyone who died in the Civil War, whethe or she was on the Francoist or Government side, may for the remains to be brought to the Valley. The tot all those who lost their lives during the years of the co is put at 1,000,000. By no means all these died on battlefields or in sieges or in street fighting. A cons able proportion were summarily executed for the poli opinions they held, or died in prison, or were victim air raids or artillery bombardment.

A further misconception seems to have arisen beca as yet, no bodies have been brought to the Valley. is because the memorial has still to be fully finished date is not yet fixed for the formal opening—and system by which relatives can ask permission for burial of their dead relations there has to be prop organised.

Finally, those who go through the mountain passes glimpse for the first time the huge cross—a particul awe-inspiring spectacle when floodlit at night—should imagine they are approaching only a memorial to Civil War. The Valley of the Fallen has two other equ important purposes. First, it stands as a warning aga civil conflict in the future and a reminder of the p paid in human life in such strife. Second, it is—perh pre-eminently—intended as a monument to the in pendence of Spain. Some Spaniards envisage that time may come when the bodies of those killed in which concerned Spain in distant times, such as Napoleonic Wars, will also be brought to rest there.

(See also "Sphere of Travel" page

THE 500-FT.-HIGH CROSS: Below in the centre is the entrance to the Cathedral. On each side are the buildings of the monastery for the Benedictines in charge of the Valley.



AT THE HIGH ALTAR: A service is held in the Cathedral. Both choir and nave of the underground church are decorated with large mosaics and tapestries.

THE UNDERGROUND CATHEDRAL: The arches have been hewn out of the granite below ground in the mountains. The roof takes the form of an enormous dome, only 3 ft. less in diameter than the Dome of St. Peter's, Rome. The Cathedral includes four ossuariums in which the remains of the dead of the Civil War will be laid.

On left—

THE ENTRANCE: Access to the Cathedral is through a finely carved door. It is a work of old design which has been brought to the memorial. Outside the Cathedral is an assembly ground in which up to 200,000 people can congregate for open-air Masses and other ceremonies.

THE FOOT OF THE CROSS: The monks are dwarfed by the huge carving at the base of the cross. It is intended that those who gave their lives for both sides in the Civil War—Government as well as Francoists—shall be brought to the mausoleum.

FOR ILLUMINATION AT NIGHT: The battery of floodlights plays on the shrine during the hours of darkness. Besides being a war memorial, the structure is described as "a warning against future civil strife and a monument to Spanish independence."

GYMKHANA AT CORTINA: At the winter sports resort in northern Italy, two skiers are towed behind a young rider. They hold in their mouths hoops which had been suspended in the air from a post. This sport was introduced at the resort recently for the first time. The gymkhana included many different tests of skill as well as ski races.

DURING THE COURSE: The competitors, towed on their skis behind a horse, approach the suspended hoops. In the gymkhana, the competitors have to survive many kinds of obstacles and tests, including drinking a bottle of wine.

CORTINA, in the Eastern Dolomites, is probably the most popular of the winter holiday resorts in Italy. Continued efforts to improve the amenities have led to an increasing number of people enjoying winter sports in the area. A cable car line takes passengers up Monte Cristallo to the top of the Staunies Pass in the heart of the group of mountains. The topmost section is 9,500 ft. above sea-level. From this point breath-taking views can be obtained of the famous Drei Zinnen peaks and the glaciers of the Grossglockner. The ever-increasing use of ski lifts has enabled skiers to use fresh snow slopes. At the beginning of January about 5 ft. of snow was reported on the slopes and about 2 ft. in the town of Cortina.

On right—

WATCHING THE COMPETITORS: Spectators look over the snow at Cortina at those taking part in the gymkhana. The new sport had an enthusiastic reception from those enjoying winter sports holidays in the Italian resort in the Eastern Dolomites.

WINTER SPORTS ABROAD

The Season in Full Swing at Cortina; Competitors in the German-Austrian Ski Jumping Championships

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR: One of the Austrian competitors in the German-Austrian Ski Jumping Championships makes his jump. *On right*—Silhouetted between tree-tops and a peak of the Northern Chain of the Alps, at Innsbruck, Helmut Recknagel skims through the air during his jump, watched by a huge crowd below. In the background are spread out the buildings of the city of Innsbruck, which is situated at the foot of the Austrian Alps. He comes from East Germany. The twenty-two-year-old ski jumper recorded his third win at Innsbruck in the series of four meetings to decide the German-Austrian Championships. Previously he had won at Oberstdorf, in the Algäuer Alps, on the border between Austria and Germany, and at Garmisch, near Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Alps. The final meeting of the championships took place at the ski jump at Bischofshofen, in the Salzburg district of Austria.

ADAMINABY DAM, IN NEW SOUTH WALES: The largest rock and earth fill dam in the world, it holds back some 3,860,000 acre ft. of water in Lake Eucumbene. It is the key storage reservoir of the Snowy Mountains hydro-electric scheme. By 1975, this gigantic Australian power and irrigation project will be supplying 3,000,000 kW. of power to the electricity network of New South Wales and Victoria. The scheme will supply 2,000,000 acre ft. of water, extending the irrigation of the dry western plains.

A GIGANTIC PROJECT

Parts of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme in Australia are Completed

FROM one side of the Great Dividing Range in New South Wales, the Murray River and its tributaries flow to the sea near Adelaide. Down the other flow the Snowy River networks. In one of the most intricate civil engineering projects ever undertaken the water of the Snowy River is being diverted under the Australian Alps to join the waters of the Murray and Murrumbidgee, thus extending the irrigation areas farther into the dry western plains. The waters will pass under the mountain barrier through a series of tunnels about 21 ft. in diameter and up to 30 miles long. On the journey the water is used to generate power in a number of underground hydro-electric stations. When completed, the scheme is planned to contain ten large regulating and storage dams, 80 miles of tunnels, sixteen power stations, and 300 miles of aqueducts and other structures.

Sometime early this year, one of the power stations in the Snowy Mountains scheme was due to start operating. This is known as T.1. It is the largest hydro-electric power station in Australia. In 1962, T.2, second of the string of underground power stations, will be opened. By 1975, when the scheme is completed, 3,000,000 kW. of power will be supplied to the electricity networks of New South Wales and Victoria.

Basically, the scheme can be divided into two geographical units. In the Snowy-Murray Development a chain of tunnels, storage reservoirs and dams will link the two rivers in the southern part of the area. The Guthega project, part of this section, has been providing power to the New South Wales electricity grid since 1955. The dam is a straight, concrete

(*Continued on following pages*)

On right—

KEY RESERVOIR: The Adaminaby Dam, which is about half a mile thick at the base, will eventually hold back eight times more water than is contained in Sydney Harbour. The resultant lake is called Eucumbene.

UNDERGROUND POWER STATION: Many miles of roads were carved out of the mountains to reach the site of the T.1 power station. In the section (bottom centre) is the access tunnel leading to the machine hall, 1,200 ft. underground.

A GIGANTIC PROJECT—the Snowy Mountains Scheme

TRANSPORT BY AIR: Surrounding the Geehi airstrip are the peaks of the Australian Alps. A de Havilland Beaver light aircraft is used for reconnaissance flights and for survey and transport operations in the mountain districts.

A HAZARDOUS TASK: A lorry moves slowly up a narrow, newly-built road, carrying a heavy p equipment for the Tantangara Dam site in the northern part of the Snowy Mountains h electric scheme. The total cost of the project has been estimated at £422,00

(*Continued from previous page*)

construction. From it water is directed through a tunnel under the mountains to a point nearly three miles away where it passes into huge steel pipes for a final descent to the Munyang power station.

This section is on a small scale in comparison with the projects, already built or under construction, in the Eucumbene-Tumut Development. This is concerned with the regulation and storage of the Tooma, Upper Murrumbidgee and Eucumbene Rivers at Adaminaby. The earth and rock fill dam at Adaminaby was built in two years. About 1,900 ft. long, it is nearly half a mile thick at its base. To make way for the waters of the newly-formed lake, called Eucumbene, a township was moved almost five miles to higher ground. Already the lake extends for several miles, but it is thought it will take at least seven years to fill completely.

Water from this lake will travel 14 miles under the Great Dividing Range through the Eucumbene-Tumut Tunnel to Tumut Pond Dam. During construction on this tunnel new records were set up. In one week 484 ft. of tunnel in hard rock was completed. an internal diameter of 21 ft., the which is lined, falls 72 ft. towards Pond. It is so designed that if required from the Upper Tumut and Tooma can be diverted back to the Adaminaby for storage purposes. Water from the Tumut joins the tunnel by means Junction Shaft Dam and a vertical shaft drops a distance of 300 ft. Excavation on the main tunnel was completed in 19 it is expected that it will be finished by 19

At Tumut Pond, water is conveyed th a pressure tunnel a distance of 1½ miles T.1 power station. This is located 1, below natural-ground level. The power itself consists of a main hall 305 ft. 59 ft. wide and 105 ft. high, and a transf hall. A long tunnel, nearly 20 ft. square built into the mountain so that heavy ment and machinery could be brou Staff enter T.1 by probably the longest lift in the world, from 1,100 ft. above the

An unlined tunnel will convey the after it has been utilised to turn the

THE TUMUT POND DAM: This forms a balancing reservoir for the T.1 underground power station. It is of an arch wall type with no metal reinforcing. *On left*—An idea of the impressive size of the Tumut Pond Dam can be gained from comparison with the size of the men working on its top. It is a concrete arch 283 ft. high with a crest length of 670 ft. The dam was completed in September of last year. It will receive and store water dammed at Lake Eucumbene by way of a 14-mile-long tunnel under the separating mountains.

FROM THE AIR: Rising in the Alps, the Snowy River runs to the coast of Victoria. Its water is being diverted into tunnels.

out into the Tumut River. When the T.1 hydro-electric power station is in operation, the Snowy Mountains scheme's power output will be increased to nearly a third of a million kilowatts. In 1962, the estimated date of completion of T.2, the second power station, an additional 280,000 kW. will be fed into the electricity grids.

Besides the amount of electricity to be generated by the turbines of the scheme, vast stretches of the dry land in Western Australia will be irrigated by waters from the project. The dam at Tumut Pond was opened last year. It is of an arch wall type and contains no metal reinforcing. The pressure of the banked-up water against the wall ensures a compact setting of the concrete. Water from this dam drops almost a thousand feet in its journey to the turbines generating electricity.

Not only the vastness of the project proves the ingenuity of the planners of the scheme, but also the difficulty of the terrain. Before any construction can be started, new roads have to be built and accommodation provided for the workers, who have to endure the harsh weather of the snow-capped mountains.

THE HIGHEST TOWNSHIP IN AUSTRALIA: Part of the gigantic Australian scheme is the town of Cabramurra, built to accommodate workers at Tumut Pond, and at the T.1 and T.2 power stations, which are situated between Tumut Pond and Lob's Hole Storage. Completed parts of the scheme are Adaminaby Dam, Tumut Pond Dam, Guthega Dam and Munyang power station.

CARLISLE—CITY OF THE BORDER

It is a Prosperous Industrial Town with an Atmosphere All its Own; It Dominates North-West England and there is History Everywhere

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SOMEBODY (a wise man) once said that nobody should go to Carlisle without reading its history first and that he should then go immediately, while the story was still fresh in his mind. I am sure that that is sound advice, that if you want to get a complete picture of the place that is what you should do. I did not do it myself.

I had been to Carlisle dozens of times before I read that advice. For years and years I thought of Carlisle primarily as a great railway junction, mainly for nocturnal trains (which is actually how many people do think of it all their lives, I believe); a place where you could get a cup of tasteless tea in the early hours, if you were lucky; a place where the porters were kind and helpful, but a little difficult to understand. (Cumbrians pronounce " burgh " as " bruff " and Aspatria in a way which does not sound like Aspatria at all.) I do not think that on my first half-dozen or so visits to Carlisle I ever went outside the railway station. There was no need to do so. In feeling that it may always have been ugly but that the citizens have spared no pains to make it uglier. Certainly they have never had any truck with sentiment. The fact that a building was historical (or, perhaps, even beautiful) has never stopped the burghers of Carlisle from pulling it down. You will not find the house where Prince Charlie lived. Redness Hall, where the medieval guilds held their meetings, is now the only half-timbered building left. To the newcomer this is a considerable disappointment: you expect more of a great historical city.

This is precisely why one ought to make oneself familiar with the history of Carlisle before visiting the place. It has seen more history, more savage history, than any other town in Britain. It has been fought for by Picts and Britons, Romans, Angles and Danes, Normans and Scots and English. It has experienced, time and again, siege and sack. It has witnessed over the centuries more destruction than any other town in Britain. The whole history of the place is against preservation.

CARLISLE FROM THE AIR: In this view by Aerofilms of the central part of the city, Warwick Road leads from the centre foreground towards the two round towers of the Citadel. They were built last century for use as the Courts of Justice, and are similar in design to the towers of the old fortress. Beyond the towers, to the left, is Citadel Station. Last year Carlisle celebrated the eighth centenary of the granting of its first Charter.

those days Carlisle station was used by no fewer than seven railway companies and the trains of these companies, the engines and the coaches, were of different colours.

Standing on Carlisle station then you had the feeling that you were at the very hub of the railway world, and a colourful world at that. Even the little trains that ran down to Maryport were excitingly different. The carriages of their coaches were narrower and the windows —or, at least, the windows of the doors; I cannot be positive about the other —were barred. This always made me wonder what sort of people lived in Maryport, although I suppose that really they were put there to prevent children falling out.

When I first came out of the station (having missed a connection) I remember that I was immensely struck by ugliness. Those two red sandstone drum-towers—they are early nineteenth century, by the way—take you by surprise when you first see them, and it is an unpleasant surprise. Sir Walter Scott described them as " lumpy things like mad-houses " and added that he would never forgive Carlisle for having them. I know just how he felt: I felt just like that the first time I saw them. But, after a visit or two, you come to accept them and, before very long, you find them strangely impressive.

Broadly speaking, this is the case with Carlisle as a whole. On a first walk round the town you have the

Consider the cathedral: it is fine, but once it was much finer. It was built by the Normans, but throughout the ages bits have been knocked down at various times and put up again at various times. The Scots under General Leslie destroyed seven bays of the nave in 1645, so that it is now (with the exception of Oxford) the smallest cathedral in England and certainly one of the least esteemed. This is unfortunate, for, though it does look rather like a head without a body, it has a superb east window, a brilliant example of Decorated tracery. On the fifteenth-century choir stalls are roughly-cut names and initials. The cathedral was a prison in the " forty-five " and these are the last works of men who were taken from here to be hanged on Gallows Hill.

Consider the castle: it, too, has suffered the wrath of history, but nothing could be more grim than the aspect it still turns towards Scotland and nothing could be more grimly morbid than its dungeons. There is a small slit of a window looking out over the Eden Valley, and on the stone sill are grooves made by the pressure of men's fingers as they gazed out on freedom and a land they would never see again.

Consider Carlisle itself: there is history everywhere, just a few inches under the soil, under every road, every paving-stone, every garden plot. (For that matter many of the houses of old Carlisle were built of stones taken from the Roman Wall.) You may well dig up a bit of Samian ware, a bit of a funeral urn, while you are planting your bulbs. Tullie House—which is also one of the most charming of public libraries in Britain with a wonderfully courteous staff—is famed for its relics of Roman Britain. Why bother to preserve the historical, when history is preserved all around you? Save for its richly-stocked museum Carlisle has not bothered to do so. The most historic town in Britain is essentially a nineteenth-century town.

It is also a town with an atmosphere all its own. It dominates the north-west of England, and yet somehow it does not belong. Norman Nicholson, a Cumberland man, has, I think, put his finger squarely on the spot. He has said: " All Cumberland owes allegiance to Carlisle, yet it is not really Cumbrian. I have lived all my life in Cumberland, but when I go to Carlisle I feel as if I were in a foreign country, for it belongs neither to England nor to Scotland, but to the Border. It is the capital of a strange Debatable Land, unmapped, undefined, which stretches along the Solway Marshes and the lower Eden, around the Roman Wall, up Liddesdale and Annandale, and especially around Carlisle railway station. The platforms there are always in a state of insecure Border truce." That is just about it. Carlisle lives in a state of truce. It is a long time now since the last upheaval, but Carlisle does not seem to have got over it. It always gives me the impression that it is daily expecting another one, and trying to make up its mind whether it is more blessed to be English or Scottish.

You cannot put this sort of impression into words. It is something intensely personal. If pushed, I could not give any sound reason for having it. But have it I do, and afresh every time I go to Carlisle, which is several times each year. It is not that there is an air of impermanence. On the contrary, Carlisle is a prosperous industrial town, busy and hard-working. In addition to being a great railway centre, it has a famous biscuit works and a number of fine textile works, one of them a household name. It makes metal boxes, and cranes which are famous the world over. It is the market of Cumberland and it is a garrison town (though I doubt if that really adds a great deal to its prosperity). Its streets and its shops are good, especially the food shops.

Carlisle is a wonderful place for food shops, and particularly for pies of all sorts, and well-baked crusty bread in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and shortbread, and a wonderful assortment of buns. It does not go in much for fancy icings and synthetic cream. Good plain food is the motto of the burghers and their womenfolk; good plain food and plenty of it. On my last visit, a week or two ago, I put up for the night at a small inn on the outskirts. The breakfast provided was porridge, haddock (about half a good-sized fish), two eggs, two rashers of bacon and two sausages, about half a loaf of bread, very nicely toasted, and marmalade. I was not offered a choice of these things: they were just put down in front of me, one after the other. It was taken as a matter of course that this was the breakfast a man in those parts would normally eat. It was wonderful hospitality (and very cheap, too), but I did not get a smile out of anyone in that inn. Perhaps it was because I could not eat it all. But I do not think so.

Perhaps it is this that gives me the impression. I am bound to say that you do not see many smiling faces in the streets of Carlisle. You do see many pretty ones—there seems to be an astonishingly large number of very pretty girls with red hair—but not so many smiling ones, let alone laughing ones. Everyone looks rather serious; as if the next onslaught was due that very evening. That would be a sobering thought. That is just what Carlisle is, a sober place. Even the dress is sober. You see a remarkable number of dark suits, and though the women no longer wear black stockings (up to the outbreak of war black stockings were very common in Carlisle) even the latest teenage fashions have not made quite such a sweeping conquest here as they have in many a town farther south. Not that there is anything dowdy: just quiet, good taste. Yes, a sober place and all the more impressive for being so.

It was not always so. During the First World War the drunkenness was such that the Government, at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George (then Minister of Munitions), acquired by state purchase all the breweries, public houses and other licensed premises, with the exception of two large hotels and one licensed restaurant. This unprecedented action was brought about by the presence of large numbers (the population of Carlisle increased by 20,000 between January 1915 and January 1916) of highly-paid navvies, most of them Irish, and difficult as well as thirsty. It is ironic to realise that after centuries of bloody strife between English and Scots at this very place the Irish should have had a greater effect on Carlisle than either.

Through being " difficult " in Carlisle they had an effect on the whole of England. No matter what you may think of State-controlled breweries and public houses—and there are people in Carlisle who will tell you what they think in language that is much more colourful than their dress—the simple truth is that the modern public house, with its spacious saloons and long bar counters, its cleanliness and its cheerful decorations, was born in Carlisle under the guiding genius of Mr. Harry Redfern.

A NEW FIGURE OF CHRIST

An Ipswich Sculptor's 15-ft. Statue for a Hertfordshire Church

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS NEARLY-COMPLETED WORK: Mr. John A. Green stands below his 15-ft. statue of Christ outside his studio in Ipswich. It has been commissioned for the new Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart at Bushey, Hertfordshire. *On right*—The head is seen in profile.

PERSPECTIVE: The statue is surrounded by the platform on which the sculptor works. The Sacred Heart will be carved in bas relief on the left side of the chest when the figure is moved to Bushey.

The work of a young Ipswich sculptor, Mr. John A. Green, already ornaments several churches in East Anglia. Soon people in Hertfordshire will have an opportunity to appreciate his sculpture. Within two or three weeks it is hoped that his large figure of Christ—15 ft. in height—will be moved to a position above the main door of the new Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart in Bushey. The statue is carved in Portland stone. Before it is moved from Ipswich, it will be complete except for the Sacred Heart, which will be carved in bas relief on the chest after it reaches Bushey. Mr. Green served an apprenticeship as a mason and letter-cutter. He gained his National Diploma in Design at the Ipswich School of Art. In 1954 he entered the Sculpture School of the Royal College of Art in London, where he obtained a First Class and a silver medal.

A HAND AND THE HEAD: Mallet and chisel are used by Mr. Green below the left hand of his figure of Christ. *On left*—He works on a detail at the side of the head. Mr. Green, who recently celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday, won distinction as a student in Ipswich and London.

THE MOUNTAINS OF BRAEMAR: In the backgro left, is the sharp peak of Lochnagar Aberdeenshire. Stretching below it from right is the long dark ridge over which Jock's Road. On New Year's Day a party o men set out to walk this fifteen-mile road a the hills from Braemar (hidden in the low cloc the right) to Glendoll Youth Hostel near the h of Glen Clova, in Angus. One of the party discovered in the snow after he had died exposure to the Arctic conditions only a few from a refuge hut. The search for the four mi men was called off after several days. Snow the area was reported to be 10 to 12 ft. d

WINTER ON CARN LIATH : In the middle background low-lying cloud rests on Loch Laggan after a severe snowstorm. The sharp, glittering peaks in the background are the mountains of Inverness-shire to the south. The picture was taken in 1952, the day after four mountaineers had died from exposure after being caught in a blizzard.

The first day of the year brought a blizzard of wet snow to the Scottish hills. By the end of the following week, conditions were described as Arctic. After repeated heavy snowfalls two villages, one in Caithness and the other in Wester Ross, were cut off by deep drifts. In a sudden blizzard which swept Braemar at the beginning of the year, five hikers lost their lives after they had set out across the hills in Aberdeenshire following Jock's Road to Glendoll Youth Hostel, near the head of Glen Clova over the county border in Angus.

Search-parties, totalling more than fifty men, started to comb the area for the missing hikers. They found drifts of snow, 10 ft. deep in places. The snow froze on their eyebrows and ice formed on their necks as they struggled through a blizzard of sleet. One body was found in a gully about 25 yards off the proper path. The man missed the track leading the last few yards to a shelter.

Searchers from the Braemar end of the track picked up footprints three miles from Loch Callater Lodge. The trail was followed off the recognised route but conditions were such that the search was abandoned. There were drifts of 5 to 6 ft. of compressed snow and fresh drifts up to 3 ft. deep. The visibility dropped to about two yards. Later it was discovered that the footprints petered out and there were no traces of the missing men. After a subsequent search by sixty to seventy men, parts of a primus stove were found. It was believed that the men fell into the deep gully which leads to the frozen waterfall at the head of the White Water. The snow in the area was up to 12 ft. deep and it would be impossible to discover the bodies until there was a thaw.

According to reports, the five hikers were not inexperienced and were well equipped. They had "first-class clothing and climbing boots," an eyewitness said. "They were using prismatic compasses, had plenty of food and carried extra paraffin for four stoves." During this period of bleak weather, a London doctor who was an experienced climber in a party climbing Ben More, in Perthshire, fell 1,500 ft. to his death. He slipped on the frozen crust of the snow and, since he was unroped, slid down a long slope of snow.

The accidents occurred during a period when conditions were good for winter sport in Scotland. There was deep snow in most areas. In Glen Coe, the ski-tow on Meall a Bhuridh was in operation. The Dundee ski club put the finishing touches to a new ski-lift in Glen Shee. More people than ever went to Scotland over the New Year for winter sports.

IN THE GRIP OF WINTER : The sharp snowclad peak on the left is Ben More, in Perthshire. At the beginning of this year a London doctor was killed when he fell 1,500 ft. down the mountain. About 800 ft. from the summit he slipped on a crust of frozen snow. Unroped, he slid down a slope covered with snow.

TRAGEDIES IN THE SNOW

Five Missing Hikers Overwhelmed by a Blizzard in Aberdeenshire ; a Doctor Killed on Ben More

IN ARCTIC CONDITIONS : Rescue teams make deep tracks through the snow near Craigmaud as they comb the area for the men missing on Jock's Road. The gully (left) leads to the frozen waterfall where the body of one of the hikers was found. *Left*—A rescue team returns with the body of the missing hiker.

The Sphere of Travel

IN AND AROUND MADRID

Sights in the Spanish Capital; Excursions to Toledo, El Escorial, Aranjuez, Segovia, Avila, Salamanca, Valladolid, Burgos and Cuenca

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH Madrid possesses a certain individual charm, it is a charm which is not always apparent to the casual visitor. Perhaps it is for this reason that many people regard it rather like Bâle: a city through which one passes to reach somewhere else, or at most to digest its sights in a one-day stay. The Spanish capital, with all its bustling life, merits more prolonged study. In addition, it is an excellent hub from which to tour a circle of historic Castilian towns which together constitute as rewarding a sightseeing attraction as one could desire.

These places are: Toledo, Alcalá de Henares, El Escorial, Avila, Segovia, El Granja, Aranjuez, Valladolid, Salamanca, Burgos and Cuenca. All these places, by the way, can be visited from Madrid in a single day's excursion, either by bus, car or train, with the exception of Salamanca and Burgos which really require an overnight stay. I have included them, mainly because they fit in well for anyone going on a motoring holiday to Northern Spain. If circumstances should not permit a tour to most of these places, first choice should be Toledo. It is possibly the most interesting city in Spain—a veritable open-air museum and different from any other town in Europe.

On my travels I am a creature of habit, and each time I return to one of Europe's capital cities I follow a set itinerary after my arrival. In Madrid, for instance, I go first to the Prado, as glorious a picture gallery as any, and get that thrill which never diminishes with habit of standing at the entrance to the superb Velázquez Room and viewing my favourite, " The Surrender of Breda," which I prefer to the more famous " Las Meninas," a supreme work of the artist and given a small room to itself. After digesting the Velázquez pictures and some others of the Spanish School in an adjoining gallery, I make my way to the Goya cartoons. Finally, I always like to make sure that the " Dama de Elche," that famous piece of Iberian sculpture and an outstanding example of Iberian art, has not been removed. But there is so much to see in the Prado that really it is best to allot several short visits to seeing this vast treasury of paintings and sculptures.

After the Prado, I like to stroll through the bustling, animated streets to the Puerta del Sol—Madrid's Piccadilly Circus—near which is the typical Plaza Mayor, a seventeenth-century square and barely altered since Philip IV, from a balcony, watched his courtiers acting as bull-fighters. It was also later the place where prisoners of the Inquisition were burned alive. Close by are two interesting restaurants: Las Cuevas and Botin. At the latter you will find the most delicious roast sucking pig. I have still to mention the vast Retiro Park, centrally situated and very lovely. In the summer, there are often ballets at the outdoor theatre, and with the setting of green trees, the moon, and the perfect lighting arrangements, it is like a fairyland. Another after-dark entertainment are the games of *pelota* or *jai alai*, played by professionals. This is the fastest ball game in the world, and is thrilling to watch. Recoletos is a recommended place where you can dine and watch this exciting Basque game, and perhaps lose your shirt betting!

Toledo is one of those cities where there is always something fresh to discover. But the one-day visitor must necessarily be selective. Undoubtedly, the Cathedral comes first in sightseeing, for it is the finest in Spain. The Easter and Corpus Christi ceremonies are unique. Afterwards, I recommend a visit to the home and museum of El Greco. It is this artist who is always associated with Toledo. I do not think you would ever forgive yourself if you failed to see Greco's " Burial of the Count of Orgaz " in the little Church of San Tomé. Some authorities think it is not only the artist's supreme masterpiece but one of the world's greatest paintings. I would also have you visit the house of the Duchess of Lerma, and the cloisters of the Church San Juan de los Reyes. After this tour you will be ready for an excellent lunch at Venta de Aires, one of the best restaurants in Spain. Then, before leaving Toledo, follow the road on the other side of the Tagus, for at certain points you get a superb vista over the ancient city.

After Toledo, most people's second choice is El Escorial, but this monstrous monastery-palace-morgue (called the eighth wonder of the world) can be rather overwhelming and sinister. Still, there is much of interest to be seen, and the air is like champagne. Not far distant is the equally amazing Franco's *Valle de los Caidos*, or the Valley of the Fallen. This is a mammoth underground crypt with a cross on top rising higher than the Eiffel Tower. It is a memorial to the dead of the Civil War on both sides, and also intended as a monument to the spirit of Spanish Independence. The dimensions of this monument are on such a vast scale that they dwarf those of the memorials of the early Egyptians. Its assembly ground can accommodate 200,000 people for Mass. (Pictures are on pages 94-95.)

Near to Madrid is Alcalá de Henares, seat of a famous University, and where there is a charming, typical inn called the Hosteria del Estudiante. It is sixteenth century and in it you can eat extremely well. Simply as a lunch outing it can be recommended.

South of Madrid is the sleepy little town of Aranjuez, an oasis in the surrounding near-desert wastes. Here is a rather dull palace, a fascinating Casa de Labradores nearby, and some magnificent gardens. Go there in spring when the nightingales are singing and delicious strawberries and asparagus are available; or in the aut when the foliage provides a wonderful display. You be well pleased.

The ancient city of Segovia, 55 miles north-we Madrid, has a monumental cathedral, but the show of the town is its fairytale castle, the Alcazar, whi perched on a 250-ft. bluff above the confluence of streams. Seen from the western side, it looks like fantastic ship—a sixteenth-century Spanish galleon ing through time into the spaces of the Castilian sky addition to several interesting Romanesque chur there is the famous Roman aqueduct, best viewed, i opinion, from the nearby Restaurant Casa Can notable for its superb roast sucking pig.

Not far from Segovia is La Granja and the Pala San Ildefonso. The interior of the palace is not par larly interesting, but the gardens, in imitation of tho Versailles, are impressive because of their fountains. will enjoy them more if they are in operation; enquire a the times of their playing at the D.G.T. office in Ma

On a circular tour you could continue from Segovi Avila, perhaps the finest of Europe's walled towns. (A as at Toledo, try and get a vista of it, best obtained outside its western approach.) Inside this fortress-city greatest beauty is to be found in its medieval mans There are in addition to a curious, massive cathedral, important Romanesque churches. All the time you be reminded that this was the birthplace of Saint Te one of the world's great mystics.

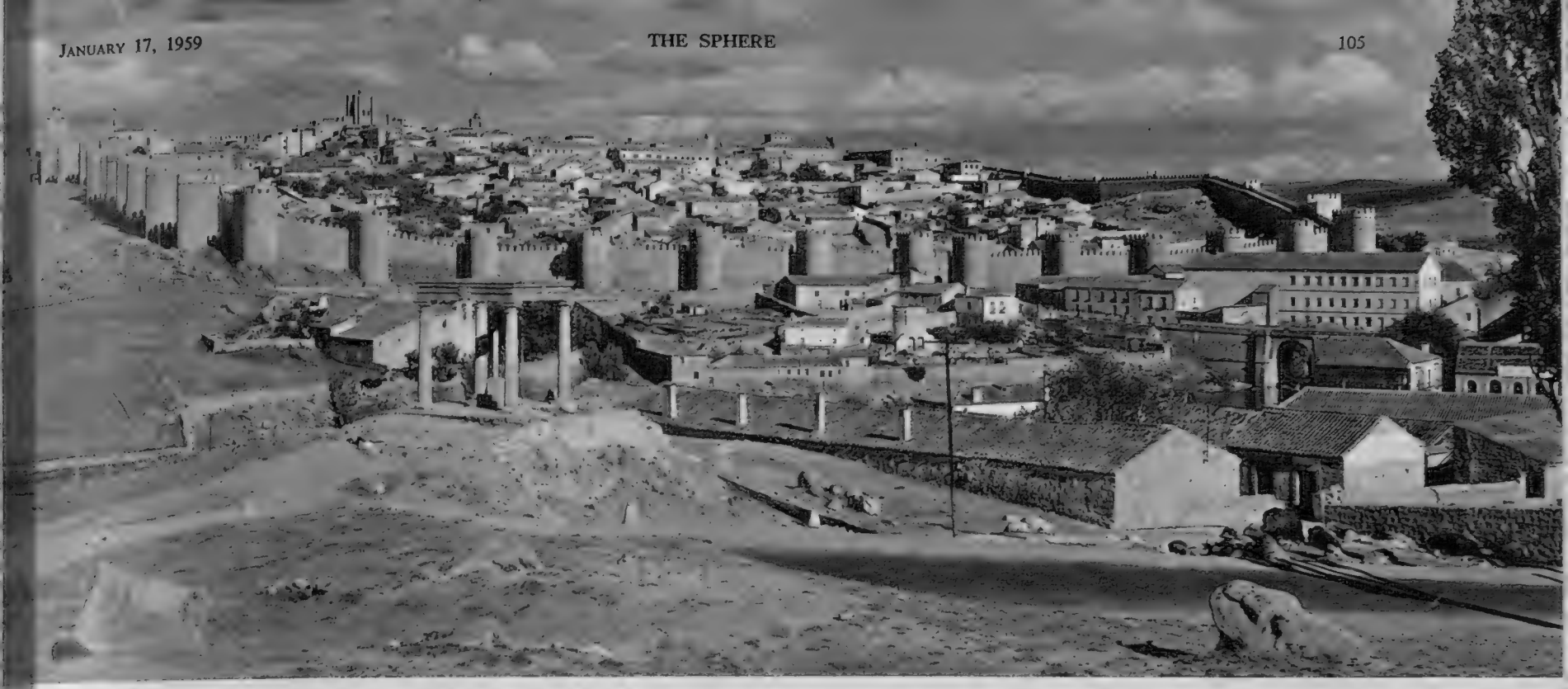
Within fairly easy reach of Avila is the State Parador of Gredos, situated over 5,000 ft. above sea-l The countryside, with its mountain peaks, is w beautiful and, in summer, delightfully cool. It i excellent spot for a rest. There are many trout-stream

From Avila (or Gredos) you could continue to S manca, a city of historical monuments and a place w two or three restful days might profitably be spent. one of the most rewarding towns in Spain. There is a and old cathedral, adjoining one another and conne by a door. The old cathedral is an outstanding spec of Romanesque art, while the new cathedral (starte 1513) has been called " decadent Gothic." An important sight is the plateresque façade of exqu workmanship of the university. But the life of Salam centres about the Plaza Mayor, a square of unforget harmony and balance. Elsewhere in the town are m interesting buildings, including the curious Casa de Conchas, or House of Shells, the Monterrey Palace, the sixteenth-century Irish College. There is a well-preserved Roman bridge across the River Torme

Some of the finest bulls are bred near Salamanca it is worth your while to stop at the establishment of of the more famous breeders. Then, at the great an " fiesta " from September 8 to 22 you will find the lea matadors from all over the country performing—be highly-critical spectators.

I must deal briefly with Valladolid, Burgos and Cue Although the first-named town's chief claim to fam historic, for it was the home of Cervantes, the birthpla

ACROSS THE ROCKY GORGE OF THE TAGUS: The Puente de San Martín at Toledo, a narrow bridge of five spans, has a defensive tower at each end. The bridge was begun in 1203 and restored at the end of the seventeenth century. *On right*—On an eminence above Segovia is the Alcazar, the castle begun by Alonzo VI in the eleventh century. Much of the remains, except the towers, are nineteenth-century restoration.



THE WALLED TOWN OF AVILA: Surrounding the town, which is the capital of the Castilian province of the same name, are the medieval fortifications with their many round towers. The fortress-like cathedral is mainly early Gothic in style. Avila stands in the middle of a boulder-strewn plateau and owing to its high altitude the climate in winter is severe.

Philip II, and the deathplace of the embittered Christopher Columbus, yet in the College of San Gregorio there is the most representative collection of Spanish polychrome sculptures in existence. They are well worth some trouble.

Burgos, the spiritual home of Spain's greatest hero, El Cid, has two sightseeing " musts ": the Cathedral, and the fifteenth-century Carthusian monastery of Miraflores, just outside the city. Architecturally, the Cathedral is the finest in Spain, while in the peaceful atmosphere of the monastery church there is the superb tomb of King Juan II and Isabella, his wife. It is one of the finest sculptured tombs in Europe.

Finally, Cuenca, which lies on the main line between Madrid and Valencia. By leaving the capital on an early-morning train, you can return the same evening; the hotel accommodation in Cuenca is not to be recommended. I do recommend, however, without reserve, the marvellous Old Town, whose houses are hung on the side of a steep hill, jutting out dangerously far, appearing hooked up like pictures on a wall. There is also an interesting fifteenth-century cathedral. Holy Week, by the way, is an outstanding event in this little-known town.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

*Spanish Tourist Office, London, S.W.*1.

RECOMMENDED SPECIALIST TRAVEL AGENT

Spanish Tourist Service Ltd., 93, *Piccadilly, London, W.*1.

LITTLE CHANGE IN FRENCH PRICES

Holidays in France are not likely to be any cheaper as a result of the devaluation of the French franc, although there is still a possibility that there will be a slight advantage in favour of the British visitor of at least 2 per cent. Much depends on the ability of the French Government to restrict the expected rise in the cost of living to no more than five points. This will be a difficult task and observers in this country fully anticipate a rise of ten points.

At the time of writing there was no indication that French hotels were putting up their prices as a result of devaluation. However, during the past six weeks many hotels have announced increases of between 10 and 15 per cent. This is nothing new. It has been happening at regular intervals for a long time. Fortunately, room prices are controlled by Government decree. The scale is fixed periodically in conjunction with the Hotel-keepers Federation. Thus it is unlikely that these rates will be changed for this coming season since the Government will do its best to maintain present charges. But the price of meals is not controlled and it may be that hoteliers will take advantage of this to put up the price of breakfast at least, since the subsidies on milk and bread have just been removed.

Experience in 1958 has shown that meal prices vary considerably from region to region and from resort to resort. While prices in Paris have been excessive to British eyes it has still been possible to obtain remarkably good value down in the Midi or even in Brittany, where 500 or 600 francs for an excellent five-course meal has not been uncommon. Even on the French Riviera desperate attempts have been made by restaurateurs to offset the effects of the loaf-of-bread-and-jug-of-wine contingent by advertising on placards the virtues of their one-course meals, with trimmings, at 350 francs.

Rail fares went up in price from January 1. First-class now costs twelve francs per kilometre and second-class eight francs. These new rates, considered in conjunction with the value of the franc at 1,382 to the pound, mean that first-class fares will cost about the same and second-class fares will be a little cheaper. Second-class couchettes will be reduced in price from 24 to 21 shillings, provided less than 700 kilometres are covered at night, and for all international journeys except the route via Modane. First-class couchettes will now cost 27 shillings. This price will also cover second-class couchettes for all other journeys not mentioned above.

Many more British visitors are expected in the South of France within the next two months. The popularity of a winter holiday, quite apart from winter sports, seems to be growing. No doubt this is in reaction to the overcrowded state of the Côte d'Azur in July and August as much as to the nostalgic desire to recapture the fresh spring delight of the South of France in February to which so many people looked forward so much before foreign currency restrictions limited them to one holiday abroad a year.

W. D. C. C.

MUSIC FESTIVALS IN 1959

Aix-en-Provence	July 10-31	*Opera and concerts*
Athens	Aug.-Sept.	*Opera, tragedy, comedy, ballet, concerts*
Bayreuth	July 23-Aug. 25	*Richard Wagner Festival*
Berlin	Sept. 20-Oct. 6	*Opera, ballet, theatre, concerts, art exhibitions*
Besancon	Sept. 3-13	*Music*
Bordeaux	May 19-June 3	*Music, ballet, art exhibition*
Dubrovnik	July 1-Aug. 31	*Music, drama, folklore*
Florence	May 7-15	*Maggio musicale*
Granada	June 20-July 2	*Music and dance*
Helsinki	June 6-17	*Sibelius Festival*
Holland (Amsterdam, The Hague and Scheveningen)	June 15-July 15	*Opera, ballet, theatre, concerts*
Lucerne	Aug. 15-Sept. 9	*Music*
Munich	Aug. 9-Sept. 9	*Strauss, Mozart, Wagner Festival*
Perugia	Sept. 19-Oct. 4	*Sagra Musicale Umbra*
Prague	May 12-June 3	*Music*
Santander	July 25-Aug. 31	*Music, ballet, theatre*
Stockholm	May 31-June 14	*Concerts, opera, ballet, theatre*
Strasbourg	June 5-20	*Music*
Venice	Sept. 10-30	*Contemporary music*
Vienna	May 30-June 21	*Opera, ballet, theatre*
Wiesbaden	May 7-June 7	*Opera, ballet*
Zurich	Late May-early July	*Opera, concerts, theatre*

Seat reservations and travel arrangements can be made through Keith Prowse Ltd., 90, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MOVING PLATFORM

At the Bank Underground Station a Passenger-Carrying "Travolator" is Being Built

Work on a 300-ft. tunnel which will carry Britain's first moving pavement—a twin-track "travolator" to connect the Bank platforms of the Southern Region's Waterloo and City line with the London Transport station—is proceeding at a fast rate. At night special trains have been run from the Bank to Waterloo to remove the hundreds of tons of clay. But although the workmen, operating in squads throughout the day, have driven a 16½-ft.-wide, cast-iron-lined tunnel alongside the existing subway, known as "The Drain," it will be some time before the 180-ft.-a-minute "travolator" tracks and machinery will be operational.

When the work is completed, there will be a new ticket hall at the top—just under the roadway—with a new subway to Poultry. For this, a maze of water and gas mains, sewers and cables are having to be dug up and diverted, mainly at night. Although the work is causing inconvenience to passengers, benefit will undoubtedly be felt when the "travolator" is operational. It will enable travellers to be transported the entire length of the 300 feet in a ride taking only two minutes instead of the present walk up and down "The Drain" (which is to be retained and used during the rush hour).

WORK ON THE BANK "TRAVOLATOR": From inside the new tunnel at the Bank Underground station the camera looks out on to the Southern Region's Waterloo and City line platform. When completed, the tunnel will house a passenger-carrying twin-track "travolator" to connect Bank platforms of Waterloo and City line with the London Transport station.

On left—

IN A CONFINED SPACE: A workman removes rubble from the upper end of the tunnel at a point where the foundations of the new booking hall will be laid. The moving platform will carry the 40,000 people who walk along the subway every day at the rate of 800 a minute at peak hours.

INSIDE THE TUNNEL: Powerful arc lamps enable the work to proceed smoothly at all times. At night, special trains are used to remove the hundreds of tons of clay dug and shovelled out during the day.

VIEWS FROM THE CITY AND WATERLOO LINE PLATFORM: The entrance to the new tunnel is on the left of the picture *above*. Next to it is the entrance to the subway. Eventually there will only be one entrance. *On right*—To allow easy access between platforms, new connecting passages have been built.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

COMPETITION WITH THE NEW EUROPE—OR TRADE WAR?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT would not be quite fair to say that the idea of a European Free Trade Area was "sold" to British industry two years ago as the lesser of two evils. But there is no doubt that emphasis upon the disadvantages that our industries would labour under in competing from outside with six European countries tightly linked into a Common Market was the Government's most compelling argument in persuading many of the leaders of those industries to accept the whole idea. And in a sense, with the failure to achieve a Free Trade Area, this emphasis has rebounded: the Government is hardly now in a position, if it should so desire, to reassure industry that this doesn't matter much, anyway. And there is little doubt that large sections of British industry, which for eighteen months have been reorganising themselves for competition on a new, vulnerable, but hopeful basis inside Europe, are now asking anxiously "Where do we go from here?"

It may well be that the chance of some trading arrangement with the Common Market still remains. But an O.E.E.C. meeting originally set for January 15, when members and non-members of the Common Market could mull over their chances of agreement again, has been postponed indefinitely.

Certainly, the united move towards convertibility of currencies at the turn of the year, and the devaluation of the franc that has automatically made French manufacturers better able to compete abroad on price, ought in some senses to have improved the chances of an early agreement. In the long run, again, few observers, enthusiastic or dispassionate, doubt that some form of accommodation will have to be achieved between these six countries, Britain, and the rest of Western Europe. Nevertheless, British industry has now to face, quite cold-bloodedly, the first stages at least of what it was until recently assured was the worst of all trading situations: one in which the main industrialised countries of Western Europe offer each other concessions which they will not extend to our goods.

These initial concessions are not earth-shaking, but they are real. What matters is not the automatic 10 per cent. cut in tariffs between the six countries of the Common Market that came into force on January 1: the effect of this is largely formal, and, in any case, the six have offered a similar cut, on a reciprocal basis, to all the Western European countries. But increases in the quotas of imports that each country permits, raising the quantity imported to rise to 3 per cent. of the amount of anything that the country itself produces, are more material. German car sales will benefit in France and *vice versa*, for instance, to an extent that British car sales there cannot.

One might usefully look at this instance more closely. It is not only a good example, but an important real one. The British motor industry is one of our greatest exporters. The six countries now in the Common Market include one very big customer for it, Benelux; together take, say, 7½ per cent. of British motor exports; and have recently been one of the most rapidly-growing motor markets of the world. The rest of Western Europe takes about as much again of our exports, which total half of our total production: so Western Europe, as a whole, buys perhaps 8 per cent. of all the cars Britain produces.

Formally, if European trade in cars is expanding, the discrimination in quotas would simply imply that British car exports to the Common Market could not expand as much as sales between the countries themselves: our sales need not fall. At the same time, progressive motor distributors can hardly be expected to put as much of their selling effort behind brands which from the start are precluded from expanding sales as much as their competitors. Moreover, one should not under-estimate the political strength of the European idea. "Trade within our Common Market" may well soon have much of the same patriotic and emotional flavour within the six countries, and justifiably so, as "Buy British" has here.

Germany and Britain are the largest and most efficient motor producers in Europe, competing not only there but throughout the world. One German vehicle, the Volkswagen, is produced in quantities probably six or seven times as large as the numbers of any single British model; most other German motor vehicles in smaller quantities than their British counterparts. France, again, though not in general a very competitive motor-producer on price, builds many more Renault Dauphines than we make of any single model.

Competition between Volkswagen and Dauphine may well become even sharper in the freer trade of a Common Market, but both should be able to expand sales considerably, in any case, at the expense of weaker European producers. Since efficiency in car production depends primarily upon the number of any one model that a manufacturer can sell, these two major firms (both of which, incidentally, have national backing) could gain doubly from a Common Market within which British competitors are at a disadvantage. They would reap the main benefits of any increase in trade between the six countries; and the extra volume of production thus gained should make them even more competitive with Britain in markets outside Europe, such as the United States and, allowing for Imperial Preference, in the Commonwealth.

Finally, in the context of cars, one cannot forget the substantial investment that American motor firms have put into Britain and Europe. Ford in Britain and Germany, Vauxhall and Opel, Chrysler's new interest in Simca—these already constitute powerful manufacturing interests in areas where through lack of dollars or difference in design there are limited chances of selling big cars from Detroit. Each is a strong and expanding enterprise in its own right; nevertheless, if the plants situated inside the Common Market are to be guaranteed opportunities from which their British cousins are precluded, it would be optimistic to assume that Detroit could afford to put as much of its further expansion here as there.

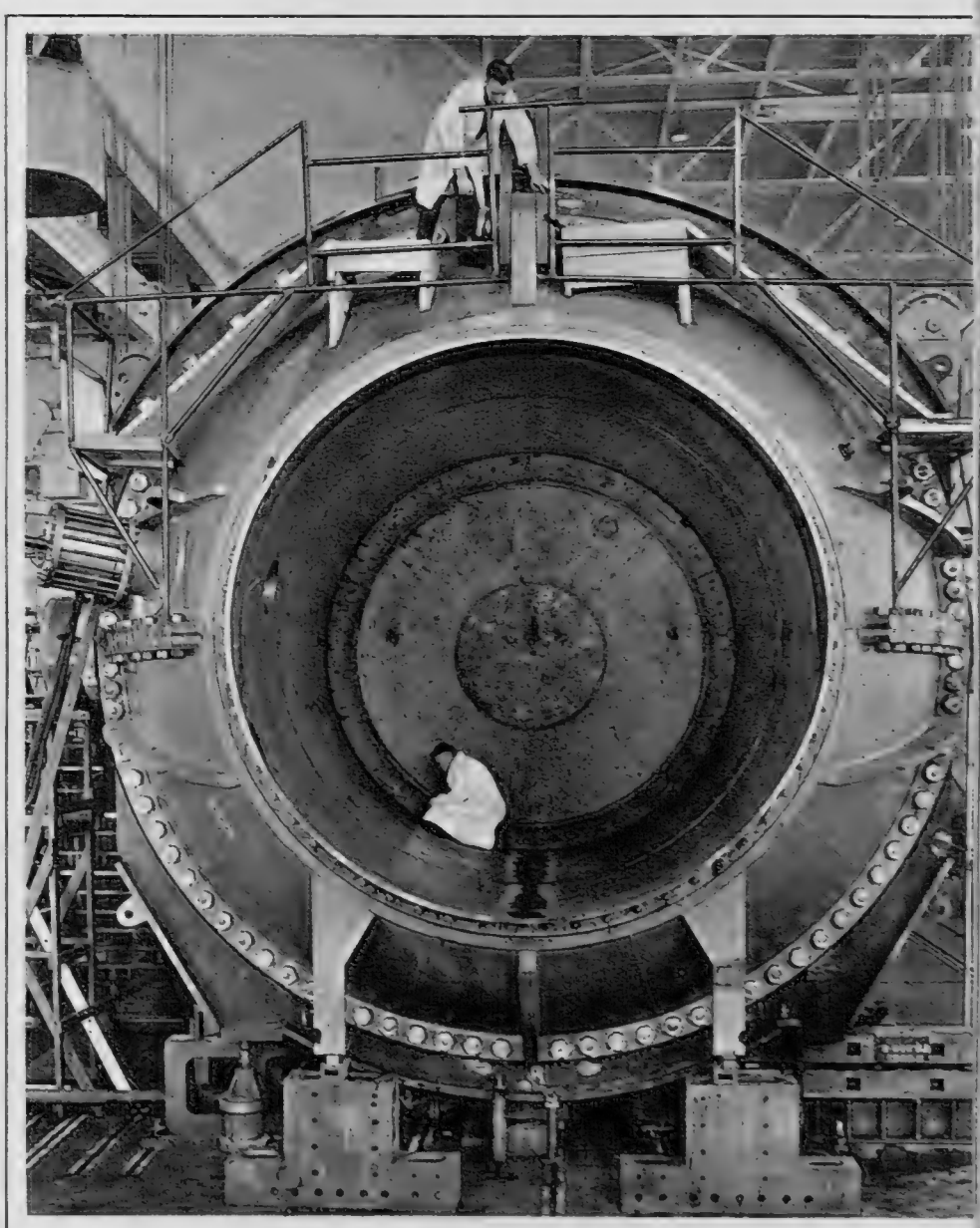
There, seen through the focus of one vital industry, are the added difficulties of "living outside Europe"—for industries that could reasonably have expected to gain on balance from freer trade. Exports to Europe would not grow as much as our competitors' and may well suffer. The "economies of scale" and advantages of specialisation that industries inside the Common Market could reap from increased trade within it may make them stronger competitors for us in the rest of the world market. The Continent must become somewhat more attractive, *vis-à-vis* Britain, as a place in which to invest American capital.

Upon which industries would this failure to secure a hoped-for advantage have most impact? In terms of potential business foregone, obviously, upon those that stood to gain most from a Free Trade Area. These were, for the most part, Britain's strongest or relatively most efficient industries: motors electrical engineering, wool, parts of general engineering, rubber manufacturing, and steel (not so much directly as a supplier to some of the others). These are industries of strength in any case; they may face a period of slower expansion than they had hoped, but hardly of great competitive vulnerability.

At the other end of the scale, obviously, there are certain industries that had expected, for reasons of efficiency or of disadvantages in securing raw materials, to lose from freer trade and competition with Western Europe: cotton, rayon, paper, leather goods, watches and clocks (which last has been protected here largely as a "strategic" industry). The Common Market alone, though it may make their European competitors yet stronger, will probably disturb these industries less than a Free Trade Area would have done.

In a sense, for the country as a whole as well as for these industries, "living outside Europe" implies continuance of the *status quo ante*, as against the change, gradual though it might be at the outset, for which most of Western Europe was preparing, but upon which only the six countries in the Common Market have now embarked. There is no need to anticipate drastic effects upon our exports this year, even to these six countries—though if the recession should continue any lapse in these countries' total trade must be expected to affect outside countries, such as Britain, rather more than it would otherwise have done.

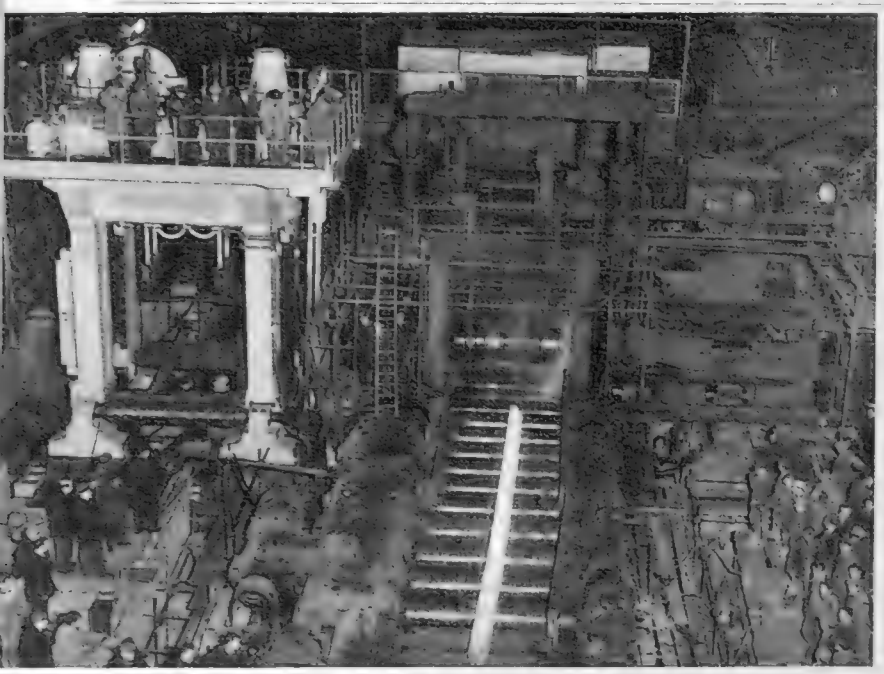
What Britain does seem likely to miss in 1959 from the failure to agree is the political and commercial *élan* that the Six must surely gain from their new unity, rather than much measurable business. This in itself is a sufficiently bad thing. British industry would certainly have benefited—indeed, was already beginning to benefit—from the intellectual shake-up of much freer competition across a vastly bigger market. It is certainly to be hoped that in its disappointment, perhaps approaching humiliation, at the failure of its initiative the Government will not lean over towards alternative restrictive groupings of trading countries to conduct "trade war" with the Common Market. This false start should not be used to prejudice what is certainly the most promising essay in European unity since the war; nor, over the longer run, should Britain plan to remain divorced from this united Europe.

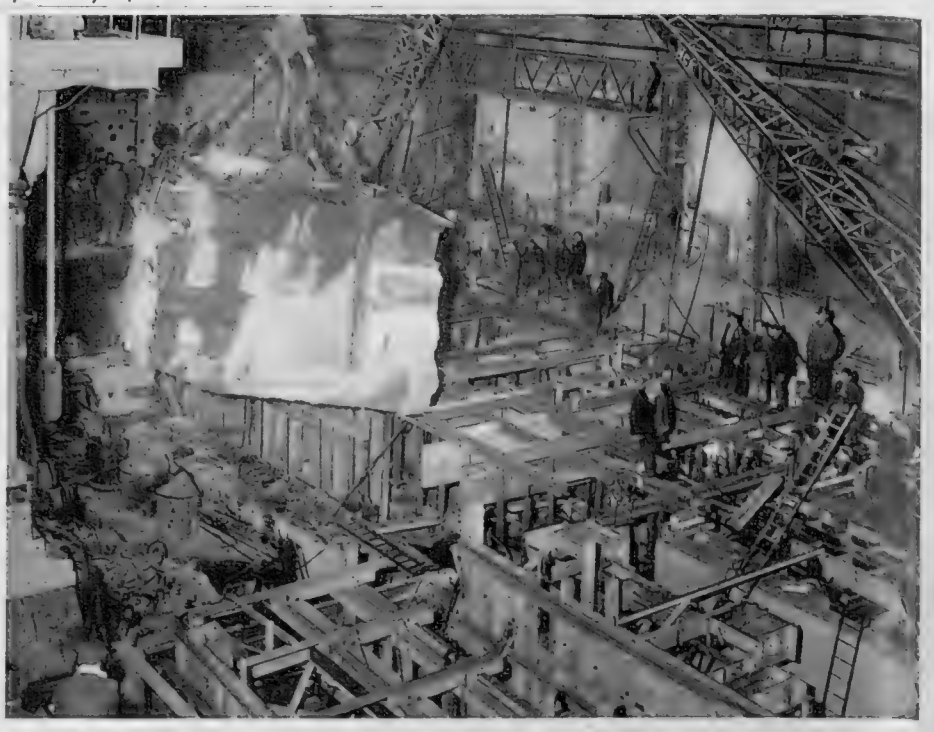


THE WORLD'S LARGEST STRAIGHT FLOW VALVE

Believed to be the largest smooth-bore valve ever built, this is one of five designed by The English Electric Company at Rugby and being made by the Company's associate, John Inglis Co., Ltd., of Canada. These valves have a 12-ft. bore, a 22 ft. 6-in. diameter and will control the water flow from turbines running at 180,000 h.p. now being installed at the Quebec Hydro Electric Commission's power station Bersimis II, which forms part of the north shore development on the St. Lawrence River. The Company also designed and developed eight similar valves for the first stage of this power project at Bersimis I. These were of smaller physical dimensions, but are capable of controlling water from turbines running at 200,000 h.p. each at high head.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*





A SWIFT CHANGE AT THE CORBY STEELWORKS

Stewarts and Lloyds, tubemakers, of Corby, in Northamptonshire, have recently installed a new 48-in. heavy rolling mill at their steelworks in that town. The installation of the new mill was made by 400 men working day and night for ten days, thus creating what is believed to be a new world record for an operation of its kind. The new mill, which forms part of a £2,500,000 development project at the works, replaces a twenty-five-year-old 42-in. mill. This particular operation involved the moving of 3,300 tons of machinery and included the dismantling of the old mill, the replacement of concrete foundations, and the pushing in position of the new mill which had been pre-erected alongside the old. In the picture on *left* at the top of this page, the old mill is seen in operation for the last time. Alongside, stands the new mill already erected in preparation for the change-over. The picture on the *right* shows the last block of concrete, an 80-ton piece of the old foundations, being lifted out by crane while work proceeds further to the right on the new foundations. Finally, the picture *alongside* shows the first 5-ton ingot of white-hot steel about to pass through the newly-installed 48-in. mill. This new development by Stewarts and Lloyds will increase capacity at the Corby works by 500,000 tons of steel a year.

CHANGE OF NAME AND SYMBOL

Parked outside Britannic House, in Finsbury Circus, is one of the vehicles in the new colours of B.P.'s international aviation fuelling service. Since the beginning of this month, the service has been operating under the name of AIR B.P. The double-wing symbol has been replaced by a new one. This comprises the familiar green and yellow B.P. shield, flanked by a single red wing. The symbol is on a white background.

MICHIGANS ON THE MOVE

Some of the consignment of Michigan tractor shovels for South Africa are seen on a trailer at the Royal Albert Docks in readiness for loading on the vessel *City of Durban*. The British-built super-tractors are part of a fleet ordered by the Water Affairs Department in South Africa. The consignment represents the largest single export order for this particular class of machine and typifies the growing demand for large capacity wheeled tractors now available from production in this country, which a year ago could only be met from American sources. Known as the Model 85A, and manufactured by Michigan (Great Britain) Limited, it has a 1¾ cub. yard capacity and is powered by a Leyland diesel engine. The tractor shovel can be fitted quickly and easily with numerous accessories.

THE NEWEST AND BIGGEST OF ALL EARTH-MOVERS

At the proving grounds of R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., at Longview, Texas, a workman sits at the controls of a completely new concept in earth-moving equipment, which may revolutionise dam-building and canal-digging methods. The machine is completely self-loading, is more than 100 ft. long and has power equal to that of a railway engine. Only one person is required to operate a panel of push-button controls as the machine goes through each stage of its work. Two buckets, which hold between them a load of 130 tons, can fill and discharge their contents either together or separately. The most important feature which made the manufacture of the new earth-mover possible was the incorporation of LeTourneau's "electric wheel" system of propulsion. This was first perfected for use on such pieces of equipment as jungle-clearing machines and offshore drilling platforms. As applied to the earth-mover, two 600 h.p. diesel engines drive A.C. and D.C. dynamos under the bonnet. These provide power to drive large D.C. electric motors which are geared directly to the rims of all eight wheels—and also to drive A.C. motors fitted at other strategic points on the machine. With the introduction of the earth-mover, many long-term projects will become short-term jobs.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

ILLUMINATING THE MARKET-PLACE: For this part of Middleton, in Lancashire, twin Kuwait-style lanterns have been supplied by Siemens Edison Swan Limited. The Central Gardens and adjacent main streets have either single or double Kuwait-style lanterns under the Kuwait Unitary street-lighting system.

NEW LIGHTING IN LANCASHIRE

New lighting installations have recently been completed by Siemens Edison Swan Limited in four towns in Lancashire. In Blackpool fifty Carpenter fluorescent lanterns have been erected. This type takes its name from Blackpool's Illuminations and Public Lighting Officer. The lantern has a lamp 3 ft. in length; four such lamps of 30-watt rating in each lantern give a total consumption, including gear losses, of 160 watts. A trial installation of six of this type showed that a 20-ft.-high mounting gave the best results, although a height of 16 ft. 6 ins. was envisaged originally. In Bootle the company has supplied 100 Orson Group B lanterns each containing a 60-watt sodium lamp. These are hermetically sealed, totally enclosed lanterns with Perspex diffused bowls. The optical system includes refractor plates and a shaped overlamp reflector finished in white enamel. The links between Preston and the name Siemens have been strong since the Britannia Lamp Factory became a Siemens concern in 1922. Since the '30's many of the Company's designs have been tried out in the town. Before the war there were the Preston Sieray lanterns with 500-watt tungsten lamps. The market square and central area were equipped with Kuwait lanterns in 1954-56. They were the first in this country. Fluorescent lighting of this type has also been installed in Middleton under the new town-planning scheme. The Kuwait Unitary street lighting scheme was utilised. This permits lighting to be built up or modified on a unit basis.

IN BLACKPOOL: Albert Road is lit by new fluorescent Carpenter lanterns. This type is unusual in the size of the lamp, which is 3 ft. in length.

PROTECTION FOR THE BUILDER

Mr. John Stanford, a builder, of Warnham, near Horsham, in Sussex, is constructing a three-bedroomed house under a massive sheet of polythene. This acts as a tent which prevents rain seeping on to the site and into the house. It also helps reduce man-hours lost during bad weather when building operations often have to be suspended. In one period of six weeks more than seventy-one hours were saved during wet weather. The idea of erecting the sheet followed a remark made by Mr. Stanford's twelve-year-old daughter.

Below—

WATER SUPPLY FOR MALTA

John Howard and Co., Ltd., have excavated two 3,000-ft.-long galleries as part of the Malta Water Supply Contract undertaken by these civil engineering contractors on behalf of the Maltese Government. The contract is worth £750,000. The galleries run out from shafts sunk some 300 ft. down into the rock to about sea-level. Water seeping through the porous rock is collected in the galleries and is then pumped out. The railway lines are used during excavation work which is still going on. Two separate tunnelling operations were responsible for the people of Malta enjoying a summer free from water shortage and restrictions. Both these pumping installations are maintaining a joint output of some 90,000 gallons per hour. When the contract has been completed a total output of more than 150,000 gallons an hour is expected.

MANCHESTER'S NEW RAILWAY TERMINUS

The model is of the new Oxford Road Station, in Manchester, where construction work is now under way. It is expected to be finished later this year. Meanwhile, the London Midland Region of British Railways state that the work has been so co-ordinated that passengers will not be unduly inconvenienced. All the existing station buildings are being demolished and new ones are to be provided for a waiting-room and booking office. These will be erected beneath the curve of the three conoid roof units in the centre. The station will have five platforms and they will be linked by a concrete footbridge.

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE

The Installation of the General as Head of State of France

AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: President de Gaulle revives the flame at the Arc de Triomphe, watched by former President Coty and General Zeller, the Military Governor of Paris.

INVESTITURE WITH THE INSIGNIA OF OFFICE: General Catroux, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, places round General de Gaulle's neck the collar of the Grand Master of the order. This has become by custom the insignia of the President of the French Republic. M. René Coty, the retiring President, is in right foreground. *On left*—A close-up moment of the investiture of President de Gaulle.

As first President of the Fifth Republic Charles de Gaulle has a tenure of office of seven years. He possesses far greater powers than any of his predecessors in the Fourth or the Third Republics, having wide authority regarding the appointment of the Government and the Dissolution of Parliament and in the fields of foreign affairs, defence and Algerian affairs. He also presides over the Executive Council of the French Community, which has taken the place of the French Union. The dignified ceremony of his installation at the Elysée Palace began with the formal reading of the results of the Presidential election last month. Next General de Gaulle was invested with the collar of the Grand Master of the Legion of Honour. Then M. Coty, the retiring President, made a short speech. In an apt phrase he declared that "the first among Frenchmen" had now become "the first in France." He was followed by President de Gaulle, who said that he would not fail in his obligations and asked for the help of all the people of France and of the peoples overseas. Later in the day the new President and his predecessor drove in state to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. Very soon afterwards General de Gaulle's first political action as President was to appoint M. Michel Debré as Prime Minister.

CEREMONIAL DRIVE: With a military escort the new President and his predecessor drive up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

OUTSIDE THE ELYSÉE PALACE: The National Anthem is played at the conclusion of the Investiture. In the Palace, which is the official residence of the French President, 200 leading officials representing every French institution had heard the formal announcement of the result of the Presidential election before General de Gaulle was installed in office as President.

NEW AIR RECORDS

Two Recent Achievements Increase the Prestige of British Aviation

Above—**TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND IN LEVEL FLIGHT: Piloted by Wing Commander R. P. Beamont, the R.A.F.'s new all-weather fighter, the English Electric Lightning (P.1B) has achieved twice the speed of sound in level flight. The picture shows the underneath of the aircraft's fuselage as it streaks through the air, carrying two Firestreak missiles. The high speed was attained during a routine test flight at 40,000 ft. over the Irish Sea, with the two Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet engines set for minimum reheat boost, so that there was still a reserve of power. The speed of sound varies with temperature, and as the conditions were cold, Mach 2 (twice sonic speed) represented a speed of about 1,280 m.p.h. The flight was made at normal operational weight and control and stability "were very satisfactory."**

Below—**ROTODYNE'S NEW RECORD: The first world class speed record in the new "convertiplane" category has been established by the Fairey Rotodyne vertical take-off airliner. It is seen in flight over a course between White Waltham airfield, near Maidenhead, and Hungerford, Berkshire, during which it set up a 100-kilometre closed circuit record of 190·9 miles per hour. The record was established with the two Napier Eland 2,800 h.p. turboprop engines at cruising power, so that it represents the airliner's cruising speed. The Rotodyne first flew in 1957, and has made over 150 flights. It takes off and lands vertically as a helicopter, but in forward flight the power to the rotor is cut off and it flies as a "conventional" twin-turboprop airliner with the rotor windmilling.**

The World of Books

"TO THE WARS, MY BOY"

Modern Soldiering by an Irishman; a Canadian View of the Last War; the Complex Web of Espionage; a Journey into the Heart of Sarawak; Pamela Hansford Johnson's Novel Heads This Week's Fiction

WITH a true Irishman's gift for making the best of the illogical, the Earl of Wicklow has written of his wartime experiences in the Army. He volunteered for service in 1939 in answer to an advertisement in *The Times*, which in itself is a fairly original way of joining the forces. He found himself inducted into the Honourable Artillery Company, assigned to the doubtless essential duty of helping to guard the Bank of England. From that autumn the war years stretched away ahead of him in the compound of almost endless boredom, seemingly useless activities and moments of acute danger that represent war to most soldiers. Lord Wicklow was not a young man ("I was fat and thirty-seven"), when his Army career started. He remained to serve throughout the war, one of those soldiers, as he explains, of whom eight are needed to keep the ninth in the line, and his memoirs of these years are as good a guide to modern soldiering as I have read.

In his introduction Mr. Evelyn Waugh writes that he has known the author for thirty-five years, "during which time he has never ceased to surprise me." Without the right to any element of surprise, I can truthfully say that this is an immensely perceptive, sympathetic, often funny and always human contribution to the stories of brothers-in-arms. FIRESIDE FUSILIER (Hollis and Carter. 15s.) is neither intended as a call to arms nor as a bitter commentary on men at war. It just happens to be a revealing, balanced and memorable account.

EXECUTION (Macmillan. 15s.) is a war story, a Canadian's evocation of the battles against the Italians at first and later the Germans as the Allies fought their way north up the Italian peninsula. Mr. Colin McDougall's own war experience qualifies him to write more than knowledgeably about this phase of the war, but since a factual approach, however authentic, is not enough to provide a satisfying piece of fiction, I am happy to report that the author also has a strong sense of the dramatic and a comfortably realistic way with soldiers' dialogue.

DOUBLE WEBS (Putnam. 15s.) is another book by Miss Jean Overton Fuller on the work of secret agents during the war years in France. Miss Fuller has already written about the career and terrible fate of her long-time friend, Noor Inayat Khan, who was posthumously awarded the George Cross, and about other aspects of the world of counter-agents, double agents and treachery in a professional guise. The present book is concerned with still further sides of a war fought in secret and within the infinitely complicated bounds of espionage which could, at the least, work in two directions. Few detective stories could contain as many grim incidents as this unpretentious volume and few fictional plots as impossibly complex a scheme of loyalties and duplicity.

LONGHOUSE AND JUNGLE (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is the account of an expedition made some three years ago into the hinterland of Sarawak. Although its author and the expedition's leader, Mr. Guy Arnold, describes the hazards and the very real physical dangers clearly enough, the book is nevertheless imbued with an atmosphere of peacefulness that is in very great contrast to the last book. Mr. Arnold was the leader of an Oxford University expedition which spent six months on a remote tableland at the head of Sarawak's greatest river. To reach their destination, the group had to travel at first by launch, then in covered canoes, eventually in hollowed-out tree-trunks and finally on foot through dense tropical jungle. The difficulties of getting supplies were so great that the R.A.F. organised two air drops, and the 600 square miles over which the geological and anthropological surveys were made were sparsely inhabited by primitive and nomadic peoples. It was, by and large, a young man's expedition, and this book is all the better for being a young man's account of it.

The best of this week's long and varied list of novels is Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON (Macmillan. 15s.), the story of an inordinately vain, unscrupulous and deplorable English expatriate living in Bruges. He lives partly on the charity of his landlady, partly on that of his publisher and of an old woman relative. The little money which he makes from sporadic book reviewing is eked out by his highly organised forays into the tourist trade when his talents for appraising, measuring and diplomatically enquiring into circumstances are brought into play. With all these venal faults, there are items on the credit side, too, such as his courage, his personal fastidiousness, his sense of beauty and his indomitable belief in his own star. Unreasonably perhaps, but humanly, the reader finds his sympathy as well as his interest veering over to the side of the unspeakable man who is certainly the focus for the book's humour. Miss Hansford Johnson writes, as always, in a style that is both delicate and robust, and her special corners of knowledge (in this case a wide acquaintance with Flemish painting) are explored gracefully and discreetly.

PICNIC AT POROKORRO (Collins. 15s.) is a new novel by Mr. Hugo Charteris which, again, is a recommendation in itself. The scene is Africa at the present time and the immediate background is a diamond mine worked by a British company, with rights granted to licensed diggers who search for diamonds on the edges of the concession. The times, the tense situation between the handful of white men living and attempting to dominate a far bigger black community, the tremendously high stakes: all these make an explosive and violent atmosphere of which Mr. Charteris writes in his own taut, under-emphatic style which is yet tremendously effective. I would rate him among the younger writers to-day who have not only tremendous promise but very distinguished performance as well.

PREPARING TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES: Countess Karen Blixen, the Danish author, whose pseudonym is Isak Dinesen, tries on a leopardskin coat. This was made from a leopard she shot in Africa. She left for the United States to be the guest of the Ford Foundation.

Mr. Andrew Graham has written a good travel book on Indo-China and an astute and amusing novel about men's clubs. His new novel is more revealing and informative than the first and even funnier than the s With it he has chosen a subject and a setting on he can best deploy his experience of protocol in parts and his gently malicious humour. A FOR AFFAIR (Macmillan. 15s.) is set in a Pacific under British rule, with an intuitively clever Amba working for Her Britannic Majesty and a whole fl problems, from the socially trivial to the dow disastrous, to occupy his every waking minute. Graham handles his story lightly and deftly an made a most diverting business of it.

THE MOON AT MY FEET (Hodder and Stou 15s.) is presented to the reader with some accura a Malayan love-story. Mrs. Katharine Sim writes ally about an unconventional but idyllic love betwe English girl and a Malayan teacher. The real en ment of her novel, though, lies in her evocation of and sounds, water, trees, fishes, sands and lights country and seashore which she so evidently knows and which she is able to convey, almost magical the reader.

From France comes THE KINGDOM UNDER SEA (Arthur Barker. 13s. 6d.), a story of Breton men which has won the impressively titled Grand du Roman de l'Académie Française. M. Henri Que whose book has been translated by Mr. Len Ortze written of the captain and crew of a *palangrier*, a diesel-engined fishing-boat, designed to fish hundre miles out from its port of Douarnenez. There is in which women, passion, jealousy and revenge pl active part, but to this reader the genuine exciteme the book lies in the passages which treat of the sea

Mr. James Jones, who wrote the highly popular *From Here to Eternity*, has now produced another story which opens at Pearl Harbour on that f December 7, 1941, and is concerned with a young Ame private who is issued with a gun to wear on guard survives the Japanese attack complete with weapon holster and thereafter comes to regard it as his sp equipment, responsibility and charge. THE PIS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is written for most of its brief l in a mood of keyed-up tension which is uneasy than exciting but it makes its effect—as would a s of loud cries.

THE HIT (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is a first by Mr. Julian Mayfield, a young Negro writer whos ting here is Harlem and whose subject is the num game, a form of gambling enormously popular in world. The story is lively, sometimes dream-like and wildly humorous. It has tremendous impact and Mayfield is an undoubted winner of the future.

Thriller of the week is THE MAN IN THE RO ROYCE (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.)—again a first and a very successful one—by Ilian Stuart. Here the ground is the Paris that the author demonstrably k extremely well and the mystery is as satisfactorily as the style is airy and amusing.

Vernon Fa

A CENTURY OF EVOLUTIO

Darwin's "The Origin of Species" was Publi in 1859; a New Book Reassessing his T

That vast monument to human thinking, the theory of Evolution, has moral implications which man has discussed ever since Darwin burst upon the world a century ago. Many have seen, in the long climb upward from the ooze, a law of progress and a reversal of the dour prophecies of an earlier Christianity which had viewed the human condition as one destined inevitably to worsen. Others have been far less optimistic and no less outspoken. This is a moment, on the threshold of vast new knowledge about the character of the universe, when it is well perhaps that we take a second look at Darwin's concept and all that it implies. Loren Eiseley, one of America's foremost Darwin scholars and a scientific writer who is understood and appreciated by a wide circle, has attempted this in his magnificent new work DARWIN'S CENTURY (Gollancz. 21s.). The story, of course, does not begin with Darwin, nor does it end with him. Not a little that Darwin said and thought has been either refuted or modified. In much, however, he remains triumphant, and it is in the marshalling and presentation of these facts that Dr. Eiseley has done such a first-rate job. He has a gift for lucid and effortless exposition which many will remember who read his earlier work, *The Immense Journey*.

Here are two books, both from the same publishing house, about two up-and-coming independent lands that are both full of mystery and paradox, Tunisia, which looks south for development, west for inspiration, and east for religion, and Pakistan, a country with its feet in the Arabian Sea and its head in the Himalayan clouds. In TUNISIA UNVEILED, Thomas Hammerton describes the first days of this country's independence, portraying the land as he recently saw it, determinedly fighting the reactionary and backward elements of Islam. Mr. Hammerton writes with sympathy for the new Republic, and with a light touch. GATEWAY TO THE KHYBER is the work of Robin Bryans, who also finds a deep national pride in this new nation of Pakistan. He is as conscious as Mr. Hammerton of bygone glories and never for very long forgets those fabulous Moghul palaces and mosques, despite the lure of modern hydro-electrical works and new educational establishments. Both books are published by R Hale at 18s. each.

It is in their poetry, perhaps, that the Chinese p reveal themselves most fully. Theirs is a sublime and through it one day we shall come to understand Chinese people and their culture, to comprehend delicacy of their attitude towards life. This, at rate, is the firmly held view of Mario Prodan, w the opening pages of his book, CHINESE (Hutchinson. 30s.), emphasises the dominating, withal subtle, influence of the Chinese *literati* upo art forms. He is deeply concerned that we shall approach the subject from an occidental point of and at pains to put us on the path of understanding appreciation. The author, who has lived for more twenty-five years in China and is both a scholar collector, guides us through the dynasties, among bronzes, the earthenware and porcelain, sculp painting, ivories, jade and lacquer, silver and jewe and much else besides. He helps us in this brief commanding survey to share his reverence and enthusiasm, and to envy him his great and satisf storehouse of knowledge.

Stories of self-revelation and self-condemnation which the author more or less parades his past not and often grovels before the public, can be most pleasing, and they are all too many, written very one might hazard, with an eye on Sunday serialis Readers may feel that American prize-fighter B Ross is by no means in this category, although impressions may be to the contrary. A legendary from earlier days in the American ring, he is a from the Pacific War, where he fought on Guadal

DURING A SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF RUSSIA: In Moscow, the audience applauds members of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre after a performance of *Twelfth Night* on the stage of the affiliated Moscow Art Theatre. Among the cast are Richard Johnson as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Dorothy Tutin as Viola and Geraldine McEwan as Olivia. The Stratford-upon-Avon company paid a four-week visit to the U.S.S.R., playing *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet* in Leningrad and Moscow. All twenty-six performances were sold out on one of the longest visits to Russia undertaken by a British theatre company. The production of *Twelfth Night* by Peter Hall was hailed by the critics as probably the best of last year's Stratford season. Perhaps the dominant impression of Russian audiences gained by members of the company was their concentration and quietness. Comedy had to depend on visual effect rather than the lines. In *Twelfth Night* it was the business which gained the laughs.

WELCOMED IN MOSCOW: Representatives of theatrical societies in the capital greet members of the Shakespeare Memorial Company on the stage of the theatre. The company opened in Moscow with *Romeo and Juliet*.

"VANITY FAIR" IN RUSSIAN: On the opening night in Moscow of the play, based on Thackeray's novel, are, from left, Becky Sharp (T. Yeremeyeva), Miss Crawley (A. Yablochkina) and Rawdon Crawley (B. Telegin).

TAKING THEIR BOW: After the performance in Moscow, Michael Meacham and Geraldine McEwan acknowledge the applause, watched by Dorothy Tutin and Ian Holm.

ON STAGE IN MOSCOW

TAKING TEA TOGETHER: In a scene from *Vanity Fair* at the Maly Theatre are Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne (S. Mezhinsky). The play was staged by Igor Ilinsky.

A LUSH SETTING FOR THACKERAY'S NOVEL: In the Russian adaptation of *Vanity Fair* are, from left to right, Joseph Sedley (N. Rizhov); Rebecca Sharp; Amelia Sedley (O. Khorkova); and George Osborne (N. Afanasyev). The scene is in the first act. The visit to London last year of the Moscow Art Theatre showed that the Russians specialise in elaborate sets.

He is a self-confessed ex-drug addict who has won his way back to a place in American society. In NO MAN STANDS ALONE (Stanley Paul. 16s.) he tells his story, briefly and tragically to the point. The book is written with the help of Martin Abramson, but there is a dramatic personal quality about it that makes it hard to believe that anyone has intervened between narrator and reader. One thing is quite clear; no one need be sorry for Barney Ross.

From drug addiction to racketeering is scarcely a step at all. These things march hand-in-hand in modern America, and their most lurid manifestation was undoubtedly in the time when Thomas E. Dewey was breaking up the network of New York rackets and campaigning against organised crime. For nearly two decades Harold Danforth acted as Senior Investigator for the New York District Attorney's Office, and he was a key figure in the Dewey campaign. Now in collaboration with James Horan he tells of his experiences as THE D.A.'S MAN (Gollancz. 21s.). Those experiences took him into some of the murkiest byways of New York during sixteen years of relentless investigation in which, under one disguise or another, he hob-nobbed with some of America's most dangerous gangsters. Danforth spent weeks in Boston studying the role of a longshoreman before moving to the New York waterfront and its racketeers. There he set about collecting the evidence to enable the police to arrest the thugs who were terrorising the waterfront, but in this case he was defeated. No one would give supporting evidence. They had all been warned, "Talk and you're dead." This is a by no means savoury theme, but the tale is excitingly told, and Mr. Danforth emerges as a most courageous, inventive, and admirably persistent figure.

R. C. E.

BLIZZARD OVER BRITAIN

Pictures Showing the Effects of Last Week-end's Wintry Conditions in the British Isles

WINTER'S GRIP ON BRITAIN: *Left*—**At Swaffham, in Norfolk, a vehicle makes its way along a track made perilous by frozen snow and slush.** *Right*—**Just outside Sheffield, Corporation workmen are engaged in the arduous task of chipping the frozen snow off the surface of the roads. The big freeze-up during Friday night of last week caused, during the week-end, the most widespread traffic paralysis so far this winter. It was reported that all counties except Devon and Cornwall were affected by the snow and ice and in many large towns all available snow-ploughs were in continual use in an endeavour to keep the roads clear for motorists.** Although the snowfalls in England made motoring conditions difficult, most main routes were passable. In Wales, however, the snow showers turned into a raging blizzard and three main roads were blocked. Hard-packed frozen snow also made driving conditions particularly hazardous in Scotland, eastern Yorkshire, parts of the Midlands and in the Lake District. London and the Home Counties were fortunate to escape the worst of the weather, but at one point the temperature went down to 30 degrees. The general conditions were compared by the Automobile Association with those of the great freeze-up of 1947.

On right—

THE FROZEN NORTH: A solitary car makes its way along the Bolton-Belmont-Preston road, in Lancashire, at a point where the Belmont Moors rise to a height of 900 ft. above sea level. The stretch of water on the right of the picture is a popular summer venue for sailing enthusiasts. The wintry conditions in the North of England had been prevalent several days prior to their spreading to the southern counties last week-end.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF KEEPING BRITAIN'S ROADS CLEAR OF SNOW AND ICE: *Left*—**Manual labour is used to clear a stretch of the main A.5 London to Holyhead road, near Bethesda, in North Wales.** *Right*—**To assist in the back-breaking task of clearing the A.5 with shovels and pick-axes, a snow-plough is used to clear away the top layer of snow before a start is made on the hard-packed layer underneath. Because of drifting snow, blown from the banks by continual heavy winds, work was often halted.**

EST 1790

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

SANDEMAN

SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

LONDON — SOUTH AFRICA — AUSTRALIA

BY **DC-7B** AIRCRAFT

FOR THOSE IN A HURRY
Two stops only—Amsterdam and Kano—this fast service lands you in Johannesburg in less than a day.

EAST COAST ROUTE
Via Europe and Central Africa with stop-over facilities at many interesting places.

ON TO AUSTRALIA
Via Mauritius and Cocos Islands for little more than the direct London-Australia fare.

For details consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C. or South African Airways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Telephone WHItehall 4488

For reservations—telephone VICtoria 2323

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C., C.A.A. AND QANTAS

WITH

- See **SPAIN**

BETTER VALUE— LOWER COST

COSTA BRAVA, SITGES, TARRAGONA, BARCELONA, MAJORCA, IBIZA, MENORCA

Rail holidays from **18** GNS. *By Regular Airlines* from **32** GNS.

15-day STARS OF SPAIN conducted Coach Tour visiting BARCELONA, VALENCIA, ALICANTE, GRANADA, CORDOBA, SEVILLE, MADRID, ZARAGOZA from **47** GNS.

Star Coach Tours with 7 nights in SAN SEBASTIAN or TOSSA from **31** GNS.

Allocation of seats with regular airlines and couchettes with railways

Send today for free 52-page illustrated brochure to:

SEE SPAIN LTD.
(Dept. S)
78 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1
MUSeum 9351/5

CONSTANCE TOMKINSON

a delightful new book by the author of 'Les Girls'

African Follies

15/-

MARY FITT

her new crime novel

Mizmaze

13/6

C. E. VULLIAMY

his entertaining mystery

Cakes for Your Birthday

13/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

For central heating and all the hot water you need at the lowest cost

Janitor

MEANS HOME COMFORT

SOLID FUEL AND OIL-FIRED **BOILERS**

Get details from your Heating Engineer or Builders' Merchant.

JANITOR BOILERS LTD · CAMBERLEY · SURREY

BREED SILVER CLOUD CHINCHILLAS

For Pleasure and Profit

Send 2/6 for Real Photographs, Booklet "All About Chinchillas," Address of nearest Agent and Special Offer to:—

SILVER CLOUD CHINCHILLAS LTD. (Dept. C), KENDAL, WESTMORLAND

SWANS TOURS ESTB. 1920

HOLIDAYS AT PRICES *YOU* CAN AFFORD!

BELGIAN COAST	8 days	£9 17	0
FRANCE (Paris)	5 days	£11 14	0
HOLLAND	8 days	£15 10	6
CHANNEL ISLANDS	8 days	£15 12	0
RHINELAND	8 days	£16 15	6
AUSTRIA*	8 days	£17 3	6
SWITZERLAND*	8 days	£18 14	0
SPAIN*	8 days	£18 18	0
AUSTRIA*	15 days	£19 12	6
FRENCH RIVIERA*	8 days	£20 14	6
ITALIAN RIVIERA*	8 days	£21 3	6
BLACK FOREST*	15 days	£21 8	0
ITALIAN LAKES*	8 days	£21 8	0
BAVARIAN ALPS*	10 days	£23 18	0
YUGOSLAVIA*	10 days	£24 8	0
SPAIN*	15 days	£25 4	0
ITALIAN ADRIATIC*	15 days	£25 7	6
SWITZERLAND*	15 days	£25 17	0

*2nd class Couchettes and/or Sleepers available at 14s., 18s. 6d., 21s. or 25s.

HOUSE PARTY HOLIDAYS
Including a wonderful entertainment programme

MONTREUX .. .. 8 days £21 10 0

MOTOR COACH TOURS

Ostend, Brussels, Paris	8 days 21½ Gns.
Austria	10 days 24 Gns.
Five Capitals	8 days 27 Gns.
Six Countries	8 days 29½ Gns.
Holland	8 days 29½ Gns.
Italy	15 days 38½ Gns.

GRAND ESCORTED TOURS

Austria	15 days 45 Gns.
Italy	15 days 57 Gns.
Yugoslavia	17 days 57 Gns.
Spain	17 days 61½ Gns.
Sicily	17 days 67½ Gns.

SWANWING AIR HOLIDAYS

Adriatic Coast .. .. 16 days £45 16 6

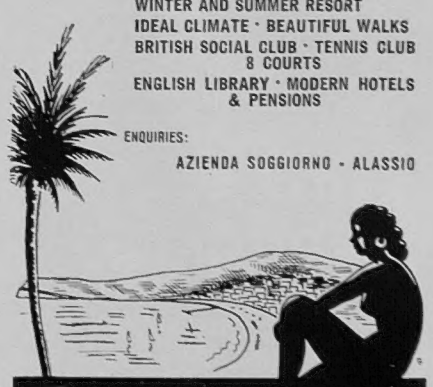
Apply for free copy of our 208-page illustrated booklet, "Suggestions for Your Holidays." Over 3,500 Holidays in 32 Countries await your choice.

SWAN TOURS (C33) 260 TOTTENHAM CT. RD., LONDON, W1 *Tel.*: MUSeum 8070 (12 lines) and Local Agents

Members Association of British Travel Agents

WINTER AND SUMMER RESORT
IDEAL CLIMATE · BEAUTIFUL WALKS
BRITISH SOCIAL CLUB · TENNIS CLUB 8 COURTS
ENGLISH LIBRARY · MODERN HOTELS & PENSIONS

ENQUIRIES:
AZIENDA SOGGIORNO - ALASSIO



ALASSIO
THE PEARL OF THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A PRECARIOUS MOMENT IN A CANADIAN FOREST: The high-rigger clings to the trunk of a tree which has just been topped at a height over 120 ft. As the top falls, the tree may sway 20 ft. The topping and rigging of a spar tree is one of the most skilled jobs in Canada's logging industry.

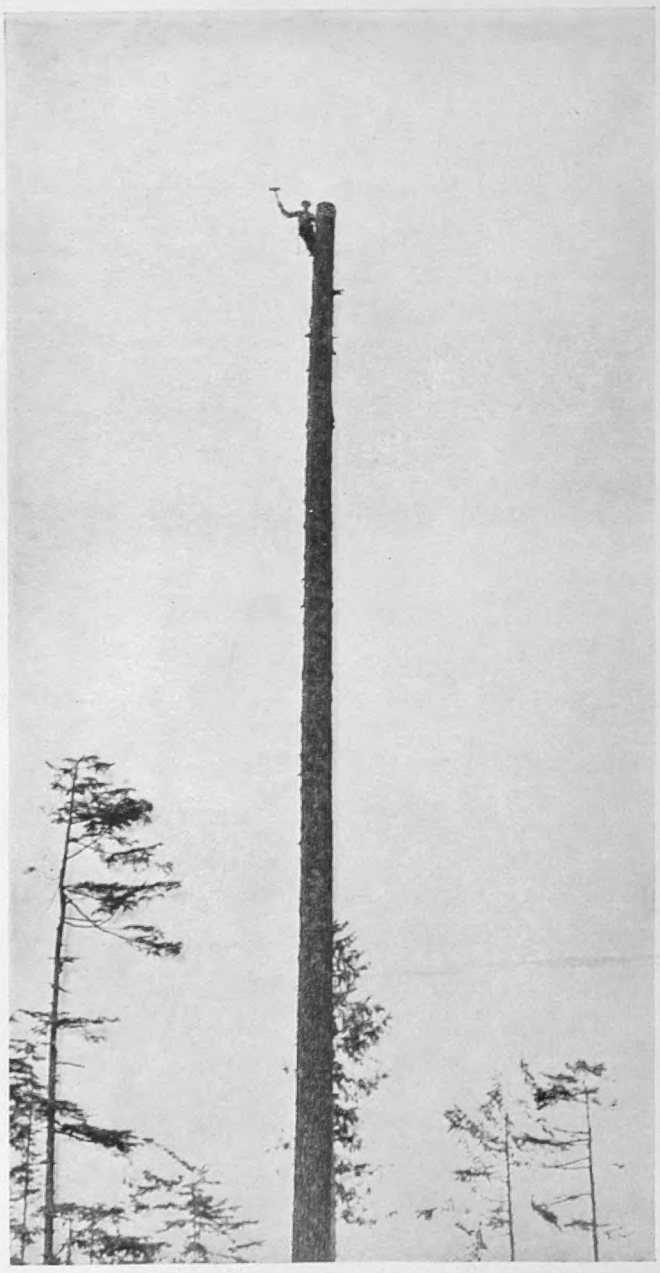
THE HIGH-RIGGER PREPARES FOR THE SWAY: He is in position as the top of the spar tree begins to fall nearly 150 ft. to the ground. The trunk at the top of a spar tree usually measures between 14 and 20 ins.

SAFETY MEASURES FOR THE HIGH-RIGGER: *Above* and *below*—The 3-in.-long spurs fixed to his boots bite deep into the tree. A steel helmet and sturdy ropes, with steel core, also form part of his safety equipment.

One of the first tasks in a new area of tree-felling operations in the forests of Western Canada is the choice of a spar tree. When this is made, an experienced logger, known as a high-rigger, scales the tree and tops it at a height above 120 ft. On his way to the top he also cuts away the side branches. Experts are capable of limbing and topping a tree in one day, but the subsequent rigging may take a week. The spar tree, which is the most suitable of its kind in close proximity to the road or railway, is then made the centre of operations. Ropes from the tree are used to drag the felled trees to the loading bay, and the boom, which is fixed to the bottom of the spar tree, is utilised to load the heavy timber on to lorries and railway wagons. The spar tree is always the last to be felled. High-riggers are highly paid. They earn between 15s. and £1 an hour and work a 40-hour week. It is a skilful job and cool nerves are essential, particularly when the top of the tree falls to the ground. As the tree sways in an arc ranging from 14 to 20 ft. the logger clings to the trunk before making a rapid descent.

HIGH-RIGGERS

A Highly-skilled Operation in Canada's Logging Industry



On right—

THE SPAR TREE TOWERS ABOVE ITS NEIGHBOURS: The high-rigger waves his axe from the newly-topped spar tree.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1959. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Firestone

Town & Country

ALL-SEASON TYRES FOR REAR WHEELS

Firestone experience plus motorists' recommendation have led to the outstanding success of the Firestone *Town & Country* tyre

DRIVE SAFELY

- For non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads.
- For maximum grip in mud, slush and snow.
- Wider deeper tread for longer mileage.
- Smooth riding and quiet.

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

44 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day. Firestone have made over 50,000,000 Tubeless Tyres.

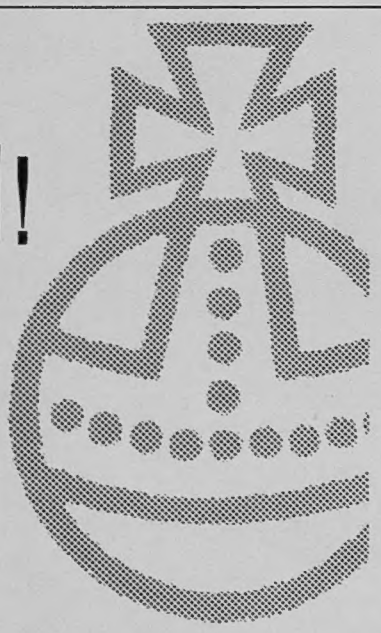
Firestone TYRES – consistently good

with weatherised tread

Be on guard!

you want **genuine**

Harris Tweed



HARRIS TWEED

So insist on seeing this trade mark on this label

ONLY genuine Harris Tweed can bear the legally protected Trade Mark stamped on the cloth, and reproduced on the label in the garment. Insist on seeing it. Otherwise you may be buying imitation Harris Tweed of doubtful origin and quality. The Orb Trade Mark is your guarantee that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished in the Outer Hebrides.

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD REGISTERED TRADE MARK Nº 319214
APPLIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH REGULATIONS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE WOOL

* Do not be put off by imitations alleged to be "just as good".

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH AND ON THE LABEL IN THE GARMENT.

It protects a vital cottage industry and is

YOUR GUARANTEE.

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.

Thank goodness our Warmabed Electric Blanket is on

A Warmabed De-Luxe Electric Blanket combines supreme comfort with 3-way safety:-
Made from soft 100% pure wool; insulated with 12-end asbestos braid; fitted with automatic cut-outs. Generous 60 ins. length, in single or double size, satin bound, in periwinkle blue, pink, honeysuckle, or willow green.
Double packed in zip-fastening plastic mothproof bag. Prices from £8. 15. 2.

For a lifetime of cosy nights choose a

Warmabed

Safe Electric Blanket

From leading Stores and Electrical Showrooms, or write to:-
Modern Electrical Industries Ltd., Knottingley, Yorkshire.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

BS 2612

Blending the past with the present . . .
creating the
smooth future Scotch—today!

Long John SCOTCH

THE PROPRIETARY SCOTCH WHISKY
OF WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

DISTILLED, MATURED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND